

FORT WRANGEL NEWS.

VOL. 1.

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15, 1898.

No. 2

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY OF ALASKA.

FOLLOWING IS THE OFFICIAL DIRECTORY FOR THE DISTRICT OF ALASKA.

Governor—John G. Brady; private secretary, Mrs. Gertrude Knapp.
U. S. Judge—C. S. Johnson.
U. S. Attorney—Burton E. Bennett.
Assistant District Attorney—Alfred J. Daly.
District Clerk—Albert D. Elliott.
Deputy Clerk—Walter D. McNair.
U. S. Marshal—J. M. Shoup.
Surveyor General—W. L. Distin.
Register—John W. Dudley.
Receiver—Roswell Shelly.
Court Interpreter—George Kostrometoff.
Commissioners—C. W. Tuttle, Sitka; John Y. Ostrander, Juneau; K. M. Jackson, Fort Wrangel; L. R. Woodward, Unalaska; Philip Gallagher, Kodiak; John U. Smith, Dyea; W. J. Jones, Circle City; Charles H. Isham, Unga.
Deputy Marshals—W. A. McNair, Sitka; Edward S. Staley, Juneau; W. D. Grant, Fort Wrangel; J. McDonald, Douglas; Edward C. Hasey, Kodiak; Lewis L. Bowers, Unga; J. C. Blaine, Unalaska; H. J. McNair, Skagway; J. J. Rutledge, Circle City; A. A. Richards, Dyea.
Deputy Internal Revenue Collector, W. C. Pedlar.
Educational Agent—Sheldon Jackson.
Assistant Agent—William Hamilton.
Superintendent of Schools—W. A. Kelly.
Postmistress, Sitka—Mrs. Archangelzsky.

CUSTOMS OFFICERS.

Collector—J. W. Ivey.
Special Agent—W. P. McBride.
Deputy and Inspector—Wm. Millmore and C. L. Andrews, Sitka.
Deputy Collectors—Joseph Arment, Fort Wrangel; E. M. VanSlyke, Mary Island; W. G. Thomas, Kodiak; G. W. Caton, Cook Inlet; T. E. Holmes, Barke; J. F. Simon, Unga; John P. Word, Unalaska; E. T. Hatch, St. Michael; Chas. Smith, Circle City; John C. Tenny, Juneau.
Inspectors at Juneau—Loring K. Adams, Harry Minto and John R. Auldin.
Inspectors at Fort Wrangel—Edw. Hofstad, S. L. Adams, Geo. J. Smith, E. L. Hunter, Wm. Denny.
Inspectors at Dyea—J. S. Slater, S. F. Hodges, L. H. Lovejoy, Edgar Grim.

M. J. Cochrane,

Attorney and Counselor at Law
JACKSON BLOCK.
Fort Wrangel, Alaska.
Will practice in all the courts of the state.

G. O. Bates,

Attorney and Counselor at Law
OFFICE: JACKSON STREET.
Fort Wrangel, Alaska.

Oscar C. Stone,

Attorney and Counselor at Law.
SECOND AVENUE.
Fort Wrangel, Alaska.

A. G. McBride,

Attorney and Counselor at Law
Office with U. S. Deputy Marshal,
FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.

DR. W. L. HARRISON DENTIST

(With Dr. Campbell)
FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.

FRED W. CARLYON

Watchmaker and Jeweler..

Has just moved into McKinnon block and will soon have a fine stock of jewelry.

Watch, Clock and Jewelry Repairing and Engraving a Specialty.

Remember the place
212 Front Street,
FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.

C. E. Davidson

Webster Brown

BROWN & DAVIDSON

CIVIL & MINING ENGINEERS

U. S. Deputy and U. S. Deputy Mineral

SURVEYORS

OFFICE:
Op. Stikeen Hotel Fort Wrangel.

WRANGEL ICE CO.

DEALERS IN



649 FRONT ST.

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA

MAY BE A SECOND KLONDIKE

Very Rich Placer Discoveries Reported Near Dees Lake.

\$300 A DAY TO THE MAN

Glenora-Lake Teslin Railroad. Speculation Concerning Its Construction. Acoustic Properties of the Mountain Above Wrangel. The Tourist Travel. On a Vacation.

The long tedious journey to the Klondike country and the hardships that must be endured under the most favorable circumstances are gradually driving the miner and prospector to other and more easily accessible localities. The rich strikes of the prospectors are reported every few days and in all directions from Fort Wrangel, concerning the truth of which there is little doubt. For some reason, best known to the prospector, the new discoveries are kept a profound secret as long as it is possible to do so, but of course in the end the matter is given to the public.

The latest strike, and one of great interest to the people of Fort Wrangel, was made near Dees lake, about sixty miles from Glenora. Mr. M. H. Saunders, a merchant and hotel man of Glenora, arrived in the city last Saturday, and a News man looked him up and interviewed him.

"Well, what is the best and most important news from your country?" asked the reporter.

"If you have not heard of the new gold strike up our way, that is the best," said Mr. Saunders. "Last week a prospecting party made a strike near Dees lake, about 60 miles from Glenora, and the men have taken out as high as \$300.00 a day per man. These lucky men were dead broke last April, and feeling desperate, they struck out for gold and their search resulted most favorably. One of the interested parties went down to Vancouver for a stock of supplies and the new fields are to be worked for all there is in it. Others are going in and we expect a good camp up there."

When asked if there was any doubt concerning the truth of this reported strike, Mr. Saunders assured us that there was no doubt whatever.

"How about Glenora, and is it all there?" asked the News man.

"Oh yes, Glenora is all right; a little dull just now, but a good town all the same. The recent railroad news was depressing, but a force of thirty men was put to work on the trail by the provincial government at Victoria, and it will not be long before a good trail or road will be put across to Lake Teslin. The order for the men to go to work was signed by Bullock Webster, a prominent official, I am informed."

"What do you know of Telegraph creek?" was asked.

"Not much. Only a few boats have gone past our place. The rapids between Glenora and that place keep most of the boats from going up there."

Mr. Saunders is from Vancouver and went to Glenora last September. He likes the place and has a good stock of general merchandise in his store. His family is with him and he is finishing a good hotel that no doubt will become a profitable investment. The News man thanked Mr. Saunders for the interview, and after giving him a copy of the best paper in Alaska, bade him good bye.

THE GLENORA-LAKE TESLIN RAILWAY.

Will It Be Constructed? Is the Query Most Frequently Asked.

We have no desire to deceive the public concerning the status of the projected Glenora and Lake Teslin railway and at the present the outlook for the construction of that line this season is far from favorable. The Canadian senate, for some reason that must be very unsatisfactory to the people, has seen fit to annul the contract entered into by the contractors and the Canadian ministry; and the provincial attempts to forward this much desired improvement has also apparently failed. McKenzie, Mann & Co. have taken their stock and implements to the east and our people are led to inquire, what next?

It seems to be the general belief that because McKenzie, Mann & Co. have refused to accept and sign the contract, that its construction is utterly doomed. We do not view the situation in that light and believe there are plenty of others who will build the road if a fair contract is offered. But suppose the railroad is not built this season, the Canadians are not so stupid as to abandon the Stikeen river route by any means. This is the recognized Canadian route—named by them the All-Canadian Route, and they will not let the matter rest as it now stands. A few thousand dollars will construct a good trail across from the river to the lake and we doubt not this much will be done, and then with reasonable rates much of the Yukon travel will go up the Stikeen. Nothing will be gained by becoming impatient. These matters necessarily move slow, and we believe that a few weeks hence will shape matters so that the future outlook will appear much brighter. We hope for the best. It is said that "Everything comes to those who are willing to wait."

MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS.

A View from the Mountain on the North. Acoustic Properties.

Fort Wrangel is built on Wrangel island, a piece of earth ranging from four to six miles in width and some twenty miles in length. The city is located on the northwest corner and lies snugly nestled at the base of a high mountain on the north. Some patriotic person or persons went up onto this mountain and stripped a tall straight tree of its branches and put a flag rope in proper position at the top and on holidays the stars and stripes are run up—it presents a pretty sight indeed. There are several ways of getting up onto the mountain and many people take the trip for the fun of mountain climbing. The shortest way there is by a reasonably well defined trail. A few parties did this mountain climbing act last Thursday afternoon. The trip up consumed about an hour and a half. The view from the flag pole is grand. Of course one first takes a look at the city. Really we have a larger, nicer and better town than we thought for. Way off to the west is little Five Mile island, which is always attractive to the eye, and a little to the north of it lies Bowl island, so named because it appears to be shaped like a bowl. These islands are both small and have no snow-capped mountains upon them. Woronoska island, to the south, has some snow caps. One soon gets cool looking at them. To the northwest is the mainland with many mountains in sight. "How high are we up?" said some one. But that is the question; we don't know, but probably a thousand feet. The bay—how beautiful it did look—smooth as glass, and here and there great long streaks in the water. It is dotted with row boats—fishermen, professionals, and others, are out after the silver side salmon. A look through a field glass tells us that the Haanlin and Victorian are passing on toward the dock. When comfortably seated in the shade, with a good view, one thinks of two things—a drink of water and the beautiful view.

"A kingdom for a horse," is mild compared to the desire for a drink of water after climbing up the mountain.

There was one thing that surprised us more than anything else, however, and that was the distinctness with which we could hear sounds from the city. The pounding of the carpenter's hammer, the cut of the saw—everything—you could hear as distinctly as if near by. Prof. Porter's store must have been fully a mile from us, and yet we heard his melodious voice strike up on the tune "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again," and was suddenly stopped by a lady customer enquiring for Limburger cheese. Why, you could hear so plain that we heard Fred Lynch talking to Stanley, and he was telling him what a dandy paper last week's News was. Why, you could hear so awful plain that we heard a boy offer Chappy a dog for sale, and two fellows in the Warwick were discussing the feeling that a man would have with two cocktails poured into his coat pocket. We could tell a great many more things we heard, but we won't. It is truly wonderful how plainly one can hear from up there.

Well, the trip down to the nearest well took a little less than an hour. It is a trip never to be forgotten. If you have not been there, climb the mountain, take a look at our beautiful city, the mountains, the bay, and hear the people talk.

The Tourist Travel.

The time for the tourist travel to be coming this way has arrived and there will no doubt be many to visit Alaska as sight-seers and for a summer outing. A tour of the Alaska ports is indeed a pleasant one and those who make the trip are well repaid for the time consumed and the money expended. There is, however, another object to be gained by a visit to Alaskan cities, and that is the restoration of impaired health. It has come within the personal knowledge of the writer that many in failing health have been completely restored by a six months residence in this city, and the time will soon come when it will become generally known that a residence on Wrangel island is certain to bring health and happiness to the invalid. As for Alaska in general, we are not speaking, for we have heard much complaint from some localities. But as for Fort Wrangel, a six months residence here, observation of the effect the climate produces upon those who come in poor health, gives the writer an opportunity to speak intelligently upon the subject, and we know that as a health resort there are few places that can compare with it.

On a Vacation.

Mrs. Thwing, wife of our missionary, Dr. Thwing, left the city last Saturday on the Seattle for Sound points. She will visit friends in a number of the coast cities and intends to remain away for several months. The doctor accompanied her as far as Seattle. Mrs. Thwing has been a great assistance to the doctor in his labors here. Her many friends will wish her a safe journey, a pleasant visit, but an earlier return than is contemplated.

If the soldiers were sent here to suppress disorder, they have had an easy time in doing it. They have suppressed more time than anything else. We would like, however, to see their stay extended indefinitely, for they are truly a nice lot of fellows and are well liked by our people.

THE NEWS FROM THE NORTH

Report of the Doings of the Grand Jury at Sitka.

TIMES VERY QUIET.

The Boys in Blue. Their Dance a Success. The City as a Health Resort. The Alaska Mosquito. Our Thanks. The Clams Frightened. In Running Order.

The Seattle tied up at the Troup wharf for an hour last Saturday afternoon. She was on her way south and had a good passenger list from all the Alaska ports. Our old friend, Col. Jas. Leddy of Juneau, formerly of Seattle, was one of the passengers. He was seen by the News man and "worked" for the latest news from the north.

"How are times up north, Col.?" said the scribe.

"Very quiet. If your people are complaining of dull times, tell them that it is the same in every Alaska town. The bulk of the Klondike travel is going round now. We have had our share of the travel for awhile and St. Michael is having hers now. Alaska and Alaska towns are all right, but we must expect and are bound to have some slack times."

"The News would like to have a truthful statement as to just what the grand jury did, can you furnish it the desired information?"

"Yes, I can," said the Col. "There were indictments found against about 175 liquor dealers, who all pleaded guilty and were fined \$100 each."

"Indictments were also found against W. E. Crews, the attorney, Tom Markham, Lon Clever and C. S. Hannon, the lawyer, for conspiracy in connection with the alleged whisky frauds."

"The grand jury took a second turn on these alleged whisky frauds which resulted in the indictment of customs officials, whose names are Floyd, Hartman and Luke."

"What about Collector Ivey?" we asked.

"Nothing—absolutely nothing. There was no charge against him. But on the contrary no resolutions in his favor. The grand jury did recommend in favor of high license, and stated that it was impossible to enforce prohibition in Alaska."

Col. Leddy is a lawyer by profession, and possessed of fine abilities. As an orator and lecturer he has few superiors in Alaska. He is on his way to Washington City on business, and is accompanied by Mr. Crews of the Juneau bar.

THE BOYS IN BLUE.

The Grand Ball Given by Co. H, 14th Infantry in Honor of Mr. and Mrs. McKinnon a Grand Success.

Week before last some of the ladies of Fort Wrangel headed by Mrs. McKinnon gave a dance and whist party in honor of Capt. Eldridge and the members of Co. H, who are now stationed in this city, a report of which was given in our last week's issue. The boys in blue were highly pleased over the manner in which they were entertained. They spoke of the matter in the most complimentary terms, but even that did not seem to satisfy them so they concluded to return the compliment in a more substantial manner. A meeting of the boys resulted in the selection of committees, as follows:

Floor managers—J. A. Hunter, F. McCollum and F. P. Collins.

Reception committee—Charles Merrill, A. B. Cream and J. D. Walton.

The time chosen for the entertainment was last Friday evening and resulted in the coming together of nearly 200 invited guests in the new McKinnon hall. The room on the west, which was used for dancing, was nicely decorated with flags. The room on the east furnished seats for tired dancers and five tables and chairs for those who wished to engage in less active amusement—a game of cards.

Dancing commenced about 10 o'clock and was led by a fine orchestra. The calling act was gracefully performed by Mr. Charles Merrill. This was dispensed with in the round dances. The people danced and danced. At about 12 o'clock the grand march, headed by Capt. Eldridge and Mrs. McKinnon was formed and continued for some time, after which, away they went to the dining hall above where an elegant lunch was served. The dancers had danced hard—they ate hard, too. After this part of the program had been completed there was more dancing and whist playing. We heard one fellow talk about seven-up, so we judge other games were indulged in besides the "gentlemen's game" of whist. The party did not break up until a late hour—in fact, they were having such a good time no one really wanted to go home.

It was a very nice entertainment. The party was select, but so free from reserve that it made it very pleasant for all. Walton and Cream did most of the hard work in getting up the dance and they ought to feel proud over their effort, for it was a success in every respect.

The Cottage City, Thomas captain, headed for the sound last Friday from this part and if she kept in the water reached Seattle last Monday.

THE CITY AS A HEALTH RESORT.

Shall Its Good Reputation be Maintained?

A reporter for the News, fully armed with the latest improved spring clothes pins, made a tour of some of the streets and alleys in the eastern part of the city for the purpose of ascertaining its sanitary condition, and he was not at all surprised that East Front street smells worse than a dead dog on a hot summer day. The stench in places is terrible and something should be done to abate the terrible nuisance that prevails in that part of the city. There is an alley back of the Fort Wrangel Brewery, running east, that is inhabited by some Indians that are surrounded by a stench and filth that are simply indescribable.

The News man called on Dr. Campbell, chairman of the sanitary commission, and enquired as to what action it was prepared to take to protect the health of the city, and he informed the writer that notice had been given to the settlers to clean up and notice had also been published to the same effect and some had complied with the order, but others had not. The Doctor also stated that there is no law by which the board is empowered to compel obedience to its orders.

The News man suggested that maintaining a nuisance was a criminal offense and a good fine or jail sentence would have a wholesome effect on these people who, by their filth persist in endangering the health and lives of others, but the chairman of the sanitary commission thought that it would not be advisable for the board to initiate such proceedings, which therefore leaves the people without the proper protection.

Something should be done in this matter, and done at once. The hot weather has commenced and we trust that the people will insist on protection by the courts if it can be secured in no other manner. Fort Wrangel is no doubt one of the healthiest places on earth. While surrounding towns have suffered from contagious diseases, the inhabitants of this city have enjoyed the best of health and it will not be long until many will come among us in search of health and it would be wrong, the grossest injustice to ourselves to permit a few filthy natives to destroy that good name. We hope the sanitary commission will take the initiative in this matter and all good people will call them blessed.

THE ALASKA MOSQUITO.

A High Grade Flirt With an Offensive Javelin.

The mosquito has made his appearance. In size, he compares with the Washington product, but in conduct is somewhat different. He or she, which ever it may be, is of a darker color too than his southern cousin. They don't make the same kind of a landing as the good old fashioned "skeeter," which is always preceded with divers and sundry flirtations. They are cautious, very cautious in lighting and do so unobserved by their victims. The javelin that nature has provided them penetrates with marvelous speed and a depth that has a very awakening proclivity. An attack by three or four bodied Alaska mosquitoes upon a good, sound, snoring sleeper will make him dream of a combat between two war vessels. Unlike their foreign brothers, they carry on their nefarious business in broad day light.

We Thank You.

Words fail to express our thanks to the people of Fort Wrangel for the many kind words spoken in behalf of the first number of the News. The standard of the initial number will be kept up and we intend to show the people of Alaska that a live, progressive newspaper can survive in this far-off country. The character of job work which we have turned out seems also to have given satisfaction for we have been unable to fill our orders.

The Clams Frightened.

The Tees, with her big hearted captain Joe Goss in command, arrived in port last Wednesday evening. The captain was seen on his arrival by the News man and reported a cargo of over 80 tons of freight for this place and a number of passengers. The Tees and her captain have many friends in the city—there is only one kick registered—that horrid whistle on the boat. It is so terribly awful that it scares the clams every time she comes into the bay and clam diggers really complain.

In Running Order.

That broken shaft at the saw mill that nearly scared a man to death has been replaced by a new one, and the box factory is running again to its full capacity. It is not generally known, but a fact nevertheless, that Willson & Sylvester turn out about 200,000 boxes every year. They are used principally by the canneries.

The high tides for the month of June are over, and in the absence of extreme wind storms have left the beach quite free of drift wood. The next extreme high tides will occur in December and will be higher than those of the present month.

River steamer Victoria, Lewis captain, went up the Stikeen last Friday with some sixty tons of freight. She came from above the day before.

FORT WRANGEL NEWS.

McBRIDE & HENSHAW, Publishers.

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.

The United States is so big that she cannot afford to act small or feel small.

Fatal prize fights continue to enable the undertaker to show his skill as a boxer.

Picturesque language might justify the remark that the powers are tearing China in pieces joint from joint.

War clouds never take on their blackest character till they are added to by the smoke of burning gunpowder.

That big territorial partition in China is vastly different from what is known as the Great Divide in this country.

In view of the fact that cashiers are breaking banks so rapidly, it would be a good idea to make the prisons stronger.

An Ohio law forbids the marriage of insane persons. Those who are "madly in love" will have to get married outside of the State.

A Connecticut gardener claims to have perfected an odorless onion. That fellow should try to invent a noiseless firecracker now.

Perhaps it can be taken as an evidence of anti-Spanish feeling that many people are not smoking genuine Havana cigars.

A later naval notion is an airship carrying dynamite munitions. Its use only proposes to drop the torpedo as a naval resource one way.

Boston women insist on wearing high hats in the theaters. Strangely enough the men who are "behind the women" are opposed to this scheme.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson says she sees no reason why a woman may not smoke cigarettes. She can find women who will not refuse to back her.

The Ohio Legislature has refused to pass the Parker bill restricting marriage. The Legislature, because it was in favor of a tie, refused to tie on this measure.

The stranger who climbed an electric light pole in the business district the other night and explained to a policeman that he "was going up to heaven" probably was also light at the upper end.

A London letter says that Rudyard Kipling soundly spans his son whenever the boy tells a bad story. The youngster escapes pretty lightly; suppose he were spanked every time his father tells such a story.

The Lake City (S. C.) coroner's jury found that Postmaster Baker came to his death at the hands of parties unknown to the jury. That jury ought to take a day off and get better acquainted with the leading citizens of the town.

It is reported that when a freight train was derailed on the Burlington road, one car, loaded with eggs, rolled completely over, and landed in a ditch without breaking a single egg. This reads like a "wild and woolly" story, but it may well call attention to the extraordinary carelessness with which eggs are now handled and packed for transportation.

Mark Twain, following the noble example of Sir Walter Scott, has devoted all his gains for several years to the payment of what his creditors were disposed to regard as "dead claims." The English papers are lavish in their applause—as if this kind of honesty were a rare virtue. Perhaps it is rare; but then, more's the pity! Creditors should forgive as they hope to be forgiven; but no debtor should let himself off easily, unless he is willing to take the risk of moral bankruptcy.

Year after year comes news of lives and property destroyed by the rising of our rivers. These floods are as regular as spring itself, and yet houses and factories are built along the river banks as confidently as though freshets were rare cataclysms of nature, like earthquakes and eruptions of volcanoes. Men are proverbially incapable of profiting by the experiences of others, but to profit by their own is not beyond their power, and it does seem that, when a high-water mark has once been established, it ought to give a hint for at least a year.

The best news in regard to Alaska is that an exploration of the territory is now being made by three expeditions under the control of the United States Geological Survey. This is far more to the purpose than the scramble after gold. The region west of the Klondike, the Tanana River basin and the interior, reached by way of Cook Inlet, will be examined, and army surveys also will be carried forward. The scientific discoveries made and officially confirmed will divert much of the

travel to the Klondike to our own soil. As a matter of fact, we know little definitely about the resources of Alaska. The labors of the Geological Survey will be of great value to the people.

The people of the United States are wealthy and have faith in the government. These two facts are shown in the report of the comptroller of the currency, which states that the individual deposits in the national banks now aggregate more than \$2,000,000,000, being the largest amount ever recorded in the history of those institutions. This statement does not take into account the deposits in State and private banks, nor the immense sums known to be held by savings banks. When these are added the wealth of the United States is seen to be truly enormous.

The battlefields of Fredericksburg, the Wilderness, Chancellorsville and Spottsylvania, in Virginia, are to be converted into a national park, the Legislature of Virginia having passed a bill authorizing the formation of a company for that purpose. It is a singular coincidence that Gov. Tyler signed the bill on Lincoln's birthday—Feb. 12—and the company was organized to carry it into effect on Washington's birthday—Feb. 22. The head of the company is Gen. Horatio C. King of New York and the vice-president is Col. W. H. Taylor, who was Lee's adjutant general. The grounds are to be marked so as to show the position of each corps, division, brigade and regiment at every stage of the battles fought upon them, while the spots where leading officers were killed will be designated by appropriate monuments. The great battlefields of the war are now nearly all of them parks, open to visitors, and some of them, like that at Gettysburg, are especially attractive.

Agriculture has been called "reckless gambling on the weather." Certainly this characterization is deserved when men unskilled in the first principles of tilling the soil betake themselves to unfamiliar climates and experiments. Yet, as all wealth is the fruit of the soil and all industry is based upon the results of the labor of husbandmen, the element of chance may be considered as a small factor in the problem. The man who conducts the business of farming with the same energy and skill as the successful merchant or professional man will reap the same measure of reward. The time has passed (if it ever existed) when fortunes were made by unskilled owners of small farms in Florida or California. To-day such a holding means in general the raising of only one class of products, and that peculiarly liable to perish by atmospheric changes. In the middle Western States farming is recognized as a well-regulated business, carried on under known conditions of production and a recognition of permanent market demands. Diversified agriculture in the temperate climate has passed entirely out of the experimental, speculative stage and become a permanently productive industry.

In time of war, nations which are fighting are known as belligerents, and nations which are at peace as neutrals. Under the law of nations, neutrals are under obligation to keep out of the war themselves, and not to render improper assistance to either side. What are known as neutrality acts impose penalties of fine or imprisonment upon citizens of any neutral country who enlist in foreign service, or fit out vessels of war, or organize military expeditions against a friendly state. England has stringent neutrality laws, and so far as the United States Government is concerned, is also bound by what are called the Three Rules of the Treaty of Washington, under which the claims for damages for the losses inflicted by the Alabama and other privateers during the civil war were submitted to international arbitration. The first of these rules imposes an obligation to use due diligence in preventing the arming, equipping and departure from an English port of any vessel designed to cruise or carry on war against the United States. Under the second rule, England stands pledged not to permit or suffer either belligerent to make use of her ports or waters "as the base of naval operations against the other, or for the purpose of the renewal or augmentation of military supplies or arms or the recruitment of men." Under the third rule, due diligence is enjoined for the prevention of any violation of these neutral obligations. These rules do not forbid a neutral nation to sell arms, other military supplies and coal to a belligerent in time of war. But the vessels of either nation could seize on the high seas all such stores intended for the country with which it was at war.

Heathen Monuments.

Bishop Coleman, of Delaware, has publicly condemned the custom of erecting what he calls "heathen monuments" in Christian cemeteries. Among heathen monuments he classes obelisks, wrecked ships, broken shafts and urns.

Some women are passing fair and some others are past.

It never improves musty opinions to air them.

METHODS OF INDIAN CRIMINALS.

Robbery by the Use of Drugs Reduced to a Fine Art.

Judging from a passage in an interesting report on the police administration of the central provinces, which has just been issued, it would appear that while introducing Western methods of government into Asia we have also brought into the East some of the choicest growths of Western crime. It is recorded that at Khandwa a guileless cooly employed on the waterworks was accosted by a friendly fakir, who expressed a desire to see what government rupees were like. The unsuspecting innocent handed over a couple of specimens to the fakir, who dexterously substituted false coins for them when handing them back. Surely this is an Oriental version of the old familiar "confidence trick," which is played in various forms in the purlieus of London every day! But in this instance the cooly was able to turn the tables on his deceiver. He did not discover the fraud for some time after, and when he found he had been duped he "lay low and said nuffin." One day he again met the fakir, who this time asked for change for a rupee. He promptly seized the holy man and gave him into custody, and a false rupee being found in the fakir's possession he was deprived of his liberty for the space of two years.

But the pages of the criminal records of the central provinces also contain examples of numerous crimes which are peculiar to the East. For instance, at Jubulpore recently a man felt highly indignant at the severe treatment he had received at the hands of his landlord. Accordingly he seized his own child by the legs, and dashed it on the ground, killing it instantly, in the belief, it is supposed, that its blood would be on the head of his persecutor. Such appalling attempts to secure revenge by vicarious sacrifice are, happily, unknown to the Western world nowadays.

Dacoities, of course, form a prominent feature in the report, and in at least two instances clever captures of dangerous gangs were effected by the police. Robberies after administering drugs, though by no means unknown in Europe, are practiced in a far more systematic manner in India. One particularly daring offender was brought to justice in the central provinces last year. He "wandered about the district poisoning people right and left," and afterward relieving them of their belongings. His usual method was to strike up an acquaintance with a traveler, and surreptitiously to introduce drugs into the food. His most barefaced exploit was carried out right in the center of the market place at Hinganghat, where he drugged three men with dhatura and got clear away with their valuables.

The Hinganghat outrage, however, was his last, for his career as a poisoner came to an end directly afterward in a remarkable manner. In his disguise of respectable traveler he had driven around the Wardha district in a cart drawn by a pair of bullocks. After the robbery in the market place he appears to have concluded that he had accumulated enough spoils to warrant him in retiring into private life, and he disappeared, leaving his cart behind him. A constable drove the conveyance round the district seeking the owner. While on his wanderings he came to a place called Khapri, and as he was passing through it a woman rushed out of a house and declared that the bullocks belonged to her husband. The constable discreetly retorted that they now belonged to his uncle, and quietly went to an adjacent railway station and telegraphed to his inspector, who came by the next train. By a singular coincidence the poisoner joined the same train at a wayside station and on alighting at the point nearest his native village he was recognized by the inspector owing to a curious bracelet he wore. He had the proceeds of the robberies in his possession and his wife's innocent exclamation will cost him fourteen years' imprisonment.—Times of India.

Bucksaw for a Banker.

Herman Kaula, a bookkeeper employed by a Meridian street jobbing firm, has sent his father, who is president of the Royal bank of Stuttgart, an old-fashioned bucksaw. Several years ago Mr. Kaula's physician recommended that for exercise he use a saw every day. In Germany the bucksaw is unknown, the single-handed one being used altogether. In some manner Mr. Kaula heard of a saw the use of which required both hands. He ordered one in Stuttgart, and the dealer sent him a cross-cut saw. An Indianapolis gentleman traveling in Germany called on Mr. Kaula about the time he was trying to get a saw that suited him. He told him about the bucksaw, and when he returned to Indianapolis he related the circumstances to the son. Yesterday the son purchased one, and it was started on its journey to Germany.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Sale of Chinese Children.

In the poorer regions of China many old women make a living by buying children at \$1 to \$2 apiece, and afterward selling them into a life of slavery or vice.

Every married woman has promised her husband to some old maid, as a joke.

AN ERRATIC PRINCESS.

Louise, Daughter of Belgium's King, Who Eloped with an Army Officer.

Princess Louise of Belgium, who some time ago left her husband, Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg, a nephew of Queen Victoria, for a lieutenant of the Austrian Hussars, and her new lover are being much talked about. This eccentric daughter of Belgium's dissipated monarch, King Leopold, has two grown children, one of whom is Prince Louis, who is married. She is over 40 years of age and is certainly old enough to know better.

Princess Louise and Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg were married at Brussels Feb. 4, 1875. Their married life was a stormy one from the first. For years she has figured in scandal after scandal, and has kept her husband busy fighting duels on her account. She has long cut a wide swath in the gay life of European capitals, but her last escapade set the tongues of two continents a-wagging. This was her elopement with Lieut. Mattachich Keglevitch of Austria.

It had been known for some time previous to the elopement that the lieutenant was a favorite of the Princess. Their conduct reached such a stage that Prince Philip challenged Lieut. Keglevitch to a duel. They met in the latter part of last December. Pistols were first used, and after a harmless volley the combatants had recourse to swords. The Princess to-day carries a small scar on his right arm which he received from the Princess Louise.

Lieutenant's sword in this encounter. Not long after Princess Louise and Lieut. Keglevitch left for Paris. From there they went to Nice, where they rented an elegant villa. The Princess then tried her luck at Monte Carlo. Her winnings at first were the talk of the place, but luck at length changed and she lost all. To-day she is a bankrupt princess, with an impecunious lover and a host of clamoring creditors. Prince Philip himself has not been all that a dutiful husband should be. He will apply for a divorce, it is said, after the marriage of his daughter, Princess Maria Dorothea, to the youngest brother of the German Emperor.



Reasonable women are about as rare as peaches without fuzz.

A girl's idea of a man's revenge is to fall in love with the chaperon.

The trouble in love is that the women insist on cutting it on the bias.

A woman's real troubles never worry her half as much as the ones she gets up clubs about.

There are some ideas which a woman can never express properly except with her mouth full of hairpins.

No girl has any idea how much she cares for a man till she begins to have an idea how little he cares for her.

When a man has curious little dents in his shirt-bosom they were generally made by the round ends of hairpins.

A woman never cries so hard when her little child is lost that she hasn't strength left to spank it when it's found.

A woman's opinions on politics are just about as pronounced and reliable as her opinions on the women her husband knows that she doesn't.

The average woman can do more with a hairpin than a man can with a box of tools and less with a box of tools than a man can with a hairpin.

A woman is pretty sure to see that the whole family hears her when she tells her husband he ought to be ashamed to talk so to her before the children.

Col. Hawkins—Uncle Mose, I hear you and your wife had a little dispute again last night. Which came out ahead this time? Uncle Mose (dubiously feeling a lump on the back of his head)—I's powerful glad to say dat I kim out ahead, boss; but she mighty nigh overtook me.—Harper's Bazar.

Mistress—Do you call this sponge cake? Why, it's as hard as it can be. New Cook—Yes, mum; that's the way a sponge is before it's wet. Soak it in your tea, mum.—Boston Traveler.

We want it understood right now that we never count ourselves among "the friends of the family who want to see the remains."

Spring onions are very good for you, but dreadful for the man who sits next to you.



Askins—How is the best way to tell a woman's age? Grimshaw—By proxy.—New York Journal.

"Is your wife literary?" "Yes; every time I step out of the house at night, she says, 'Quo Vadis?'"—Chicago Record.

A Change of Mind.—"Well, I am relieved that he proposed to you." "Relieved?" "He told me he was going to kill himself."—Life.

"I am very much surprised to hear that they are married; I thought he was merely flirting with her." "He thought so, too."—Collier's Weekly.

Mrs. Hunter—I've been downtown all the afternoon and feel awfully tired. Mr. Hunter—Undoubtedly, my dear; you do look rather shop-worn.—Chicago News.

A Musical Lady.—"Do they play the piano much at your house?" "No, but I have it tuned several times a year—my wife likes to hear it so much."—Fliegende Blätter.

Hewitt—So you are back from Europe. Do you enjoy these trips across the ocean? Jewett—No; something always comes up to mar my pleasure.—New York Journal.

"False-hearted beauty," he sobbingly shrieked. "I shall never love again!" "No?" asked the heartless one. "No, I shall start in now and try to save money."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

His Weakness.—She—He does not seem to be a brilliant conversationalist. He—No; unfortunately he can't talk on any subject unless he knows something about it.—Puck.

Miss Autumn—There seem to be more chaperons than young ladies here to-night. Miss Barry—It does seem so. Indeed. By the way, whom are you chaperoning?—Harlem Life.

Mistress—Why were you dismissed from your last place? Up-to-date Servant Girl—Well, I like your inquisitiveness! Did I ask you why your last girl left you?—Fliegende Blätter.

Those Girls.—"Young Mr. Tizzens called on me last week," said Maud. "Did he?" replied Maudie. "He told me he was going to reserve all disagreeable duties for Lent."—Washington Star.

Mrs. A.—I think your husband is a very quiet dresser. Mrs. B.—H'm! You might change your opinion if you heard him looking for his clothes some mornings.—Browning, King & Co.'s Monthly.

Mrs. Hoon—It seems to me that Mrs. Swellington's new sealskin has a brighter look than such garments usually do. Hoon—Probably it was made from an educated seal.—New York Journal.

Tommy's Inference.—Teacher—What do we learn from the story of Samson? Tommy (with unpleasant results still manifest)—That it doesn't pay ter have women folks cut a feller's hair.—Brooklyn Life.

His Wife (hearing him indistinctly)—Henry, please hold your mouth a little further away from the phone. He (with considerable indignation)—Do you think I've been drinking, Amelia?—Chicago Tribune.

He—Surely you must know that I love you. I cannot live without you. She—Sh-h! Papa might hear you say that. If he did he would be sure to object without giving you a chance to explain.—Chicago Daily News.

He—I love you, Miss Peach, ardently, passionately, madly. She—Nonsense, Mr. De Sever; you are hardly acquainted with me. He—I know, but then—why, perhaps that's the reason, don't you know.—Boston Transcript.

He knew what they always say, so he thought he would forestall her. "I suppose you've never been kissed by a man before," he said. "Do I look as homely as all that?" she demanded, haughtily.—Chicago Evening Post.

Mrs. Greymair—When I die I want you to engrave on my tomb "There is Quiet in Heaven." Mr. Greymair—I think, my dear, it would be more to the point to make it "There Was Quiet in Heaven."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"I'd be better off if I were dead," complained Cynicus; "but, then, I suppose, nobody would take the trouble to bury me decently." "Oh, Mr. Cynicus," said Miss Daisy Candor, with the ready sympathy of sweet 16, "why, I'm sure all your friends would bury you gladly."—Vogue.

Hostess (at a party)—And does your mother allow you to have two pieces of pie when you are at home, Willie? Willie (who has asked for a second piece)—No, ma'am. Hostess—Well, do you think she would like you to have two pieces here? Willie (confidently)—Oh, she wouldn't care. This isn't her pie.—Tid-Bits.

"The language of you Americans is very difficult for me to understand," remarked the visiting Englishman. "In what way?" asked his American friend. "Well, Mr. Tenspot said that golf made him tired, and I replied that I did not know that he played golf, and he admitted that he did not. Now, how could golf weary a man who does not play the game?"—Puck.



A new Russian roofing tile is formed of thin wood sheets, so glued to one another that the grain of the wood is crossed, thus obtaining a thin, elastic plate which cannot be twisted out of shape. They are pitched to make them waterproof and may be fireproofed by saturation with soluble glass. The weight per square yard is but twelve pounds.

Leaks in steam pipes are easy to heal with manganese cement, which hardens in a few hours, and is prepared by thoroughly mixing four parts black oxide of manganese, ten parts litharge, five parts minium, five parts crude limestone and five parts yellow ochre, all powdered, with some boiled linseed oil and kneading it to a paste, with some asbestos fiber.

Everybody has noticed the sudden gushes of rain which occur during thunderstorms. Prof. Cleveland Abbe, the meteorologist, has lately investigated the connection of these rain-gushes with the occurrence of lightning, but the question is still left to be decided whether it is the rain which brings about the formation of lightning, or the lightning which causes the gushes of rain. Further information on the subject is desired.

Much difference of opinion exists concerning recent observations of the planet Venus. Signor Schiaparelli and Mr. Percival Lowell assert that the planet always keeps the same side toward the sun, and Mr. Lowell thinks it is a lifeless desert, baked on one side and frozen on the other. On the other hand, Monsieur Camille Flammarion, after reviewing the evidence of various observers, announces the conclusion that "the maps of Venus made up to the present time are illusions." He thinks the planet's atmosphere prevents us from seeing its real surface.

In a recent address on the achievements of hygiene, Professor Kober, of the Georgetown University, quoted the following facts to illustrate what the introduction of germicides and antiseptic methods has accomplished: During the Crimean war many more than half the amputations that were performed resulted in the death of the patient, the exact percentage of mortality being 63.5. During the American Civil War the mortality from amputation was still 48.7 per cent. Then the new methods came to be more and more employed, and in 1890 the statistics of amputation showed that the mortality was but 6.9 per cent.

Glaciers vary in length from year to year, and apparently in cycles of years also, those of the Alps having shown a general diminution since 1850. An investigation of the changes of Arctic glaciers has now been made by M. Ch. Rabot. There is no sign of a general retreat corresponding to that of the Alps, but in Greenland the ice is at present at a maximum, and stationary. In Iceland there was a general increase in the eighteenth century, interrupted by a partisan decrease. There came a very extensive advance during most of the present century, a slight retreat—not comparable with that of the Alps—having begun in the north of the island about 1855-1860, and twenty years later in the south.

Shells filled with frozen dynamite are one of the most recent inventions for killing people. The inventor declares that these projectiles when fired will smash anything into little bits, whether it be a wooden box or an iron-clad. The frozen dynamite is packed in the cavity of the shell, and does not explode until the missile strikes an object. Another entirely new feature of the missile is a slow burning fuse, sufficiently insulated from the charge to prevent premature explosion while the shell is traversing the designated distance. At a recent trial, a shell went clean through a three-inch steel plate at a range of one hundred yards and then exploded, shattering the plate to bits.

RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS.

Their Hazards Greater than Any Other Class of Public Employees.

The remarkable number of fatalities among railway mail clerks in recent weeks calls fresh attention to the extreme hazards taken by these public servants. It is claimed by those who have taken some pains to gather statistics that the death rate is greater in proportion to numbers than in actual warfare. This seems almost incredible, yet it is apparent to every one who investigates that of all the positions in the railway service that of the mail clerk is accompanied by the greatest risk. It is generally supposed that the engineer and fireman have the most dangerous posts, but they always have at least a moment's warning and are often able to save themselves by jumping.

Active preparations are being made among the mail clerks to petition Congress for better protection. Those who have the matter in charge are considering various suggestions that may take the form of recommendations. One reform that will probably be asked is that the mail coaches be placed after instead of before the baggage cars, the through baggage coach, which is usually unoccupied by baggagemen while the train is in motion, to take the place next the engine, now invariably assigned to the mail coach. It is also probable that the government will be asked to supply its own cars and to make them of steel, and without platforms, which facilitate the telescoping process and its frightful results.

There certainly ought to be some way to lessen the danger to these clerks, who are of so much service to the public in facilitating the rapidity of mail distribution, and whose compensation is small considering the danger they encounter. Doubtless the railway managers themselves would be ready to co-operate with the government in securing better protection, both for the clerks and the mails—the latter often being destroyed in wrecks by the burning debris. As an economic expedient alone it would be the cheapest, since it would save the companies from many costly damage suits.—Kansas City Journal.

WHIMS OF MILLIONAIRES.

Vast Fortune Enables People to Do Queer Things.

The late Thomas Winans, the Baltimore millionaire, whose fortune ran into more than five millions, was a lavish spendthrift whenever he studied his own whims. On one occasion he paid \$1,000 to hear Patti sing. It was in St. Petersburg, and the boxes were disposed of at auction. Mr. Winans paid \$1,000 for the first choice. A Russian friend told him that he could have gone to Paris and back, and heard Patti sing there a dozen times for the great sum he had paid to attend only one performance. Mr. Winans replied that he wanted to hear her then, and would gladly pay the price named rather than wait until Patti sang in Paris.

Miss Katharine Drexel, a lady who inherited \$6,000,000 from her father, has just taken her final vows as a nun at a convent near Torresdale. She is thirty-six years of age.

Miss Alta Rockefeller, an heiress to the respectable sum of \$50,000,000, is a young lady of energy and accomplishments—some of the latter being of a practical kind. She is an expert typist, having learned to manipulate the machine in order that she might do confidential work for her enterprising father.

The late Mr. "Barney" Barnato, the diamond king, whose personal possessions ran into several dozen millions, went out to Africa with his brother while he was quite a lad, and the two, then penniless youths, who returned millionaires, knew what it was to suffer the pinch of poverty. In their early days in South Africa, the brothers used to turn an honest penny now and again by performing conjuring tricks in public.

The Khedive Ismail was one of the richest men of modern times. During the few days that preceded his official deposition, and after he had received private intimations from Constantinople of the fate that was in store for him, long trains of ammunition wagons loaded with specie and precious stones made their way across the desert from Cairo to Suez by night, under a strong escort of personal guards of the Khedive.

It is estimated that he carried away \$25,000,000 on that occasion. In addition to money and property safely invested in European stocks and banks, and enormous landed estates, taken from him by the Egyptian Government, but for which he claimed and received as compensation the sum of \$25,000,000, Ismail also sold his Suez Canal shares to the government for the decent sum of \$20,000,000.

Blind People.

So far as the most recent statistics go, the known proportion of blind people is about one in fifteen hundred, which would give a total of one million blind in the world. The largest proportion is found in Russia, which has in Europe 200,000 blind in a population of 93 millions, or one in 480. Most of these are found in the northern provinces of Finland, and the principal cause is ophthalmia, due to the bad ventilation of the huts of the peasantry and the inadequate facilities for treatment. There is a great deal of blindness in Egypt due to blowing sand.

It Was Successful.

"Ah, doctor; glad to see you. I've been anxious to hear about that operation you were telling me of the other day. How did it come out?"

"Oh, beautifully! It was one of the best bits of work I ever did. Very successful in every way."

"And the patient—how did he stand it?"

"Well, he died."—Cleveland Leader.

Italian Works of Art.

Last year Italy exported 21,000 antique and modern works of art, valued at \$600,000. More than half of them went to Germany.

When sick, the best thing you can take is a rest.

WATERLOO.

The Final Charges in the Momentous Battle.

Before the combined armies of Wellington and Blucher the French could not stand, but, in spite of inferior numbers, and the manifest signs of defeat, General Bonaparte might have conducted an orderly retreat. The case was different with Napoleon, the Emperor, even though he were now a Liberator; to retreat would have been merely a postponement of the day of reckoning. Against this army Napoleon despatched what was left of that force which was the peculiar product of his life and genius, the old and middle guard. Most of its members were the children of peasants, and had been born in ante-revolution days. Neither intelligent in appearance nor graceful in bearing, they nevertheless had the look of perfect fighting-machines. Their huge bearskin caps and long mustaches did not diminish the fierceness of their aspect. They had been selected for size, docility, and strength; they had been well paid, well fed, and well drilled; they had, therefore, no ties but those to their emperor, no homes but their barracks, and no enthusiasm but their passion for imperial France. They would have followed no leader unless he were distinguished in their system of life; accordingly, Ney was selected for that honor, and, as they came in proud confidence up the Charleroi road, their emperor passed them in review. Like every other division, they had been told that the distant roar was from Grouchy's guns; when informed that all was ready for the finishing stroke, that there was to be a general advance along the whole line, and that no man was to be denied his share in certain victory, even the sick, it is said, rose up, and hurried into the ranks. The air seemed rent with their hoarse cheers as their columns swung in measured tread diagonally across the northern spur of the cross-line elevation which cut the surface of the valley.

Wellington, informed of the French movement, as it is thought, by a deserter, issued hurried orders to the center, ordered Maitland's brigade to where the charge must be met, and posted himself, with Napier's battery, somewhat to its right. While yet his words of warning were scarcely uttered, the head of the French column appeared. The English batteries belched forth a welcome, but, although Ney's horse, the fifth that day, was shot, the men he led suffered little, and, with him on foot at their side, they came steadily onward. The British guards were lying behind the hill-crest, and the French could discern no foe—only a few mounted officers, of whom Wellington was one. Astonished and incredulous, the assailants pressed steadily on until within twenty yards of the English line. "Up, guards! make ready!" rang out the Duke's well-known call. The British jumped, and fired; about 300 of Ney's gallant soldiers fell. But there was no confusion; on both sides volleys succeeded volleys, and this lasted until the British charged. Then, and then only, the French withdrew. Simultaneously Donzelot had fallen upon Alten's division; but he was leading a forlorn hope, and making no impression. As Ney fell back, a body of French cuirassiers advanced upon the English batteries. Their success was partial, and behind them a second column of the guard was formed. Again the assault was renewed; but the second attempt fared worse than the first. To the right of Maitland, Adam's brigade, with the Fifty-second Regiment, had taken stand; wheeling now, these poured a deadly flank fire into the advancing French, while the others poured in a devastating hail of bullets from the front. The front ranks of the French repelled with spirit, but when the British had completed their maneuver, Colborne gave the order, his men cheered in response, and the countercharge began. "Vive l'Empereur!" came the responsive cheer from the thinning ranks of the assailants, and still they came on. But in the awful crash they reeled, confusion followed, and almost in the twinkling of an eye the rout began. Two battalions of the old guard, under Cambronne, retreated in fair order to the center of the valley, where they made their last gallant stand against the overwhelming numbers of Halkett's German brigade. They fought until but 150 survived. From all sides the despairing cry of "Sauve qui peut!" rang on their ears. To the final summons of surrender the leader assented, and they filed in defection to the rear. This occurrence has passed into tradition as an epic event; what Cambronne might well have said, "The guard dies, but never surrenders," was not uttered, but it epitomizes their character and in the phrase they and their leader have found immortality.—Century.

Causes a Great Deal of Trouble.

There are not many nations in Europe rich enough to treat themselves to a traitor like Captain Dreyfus, who is assuredly the dearest object in that line that has ever existed. We might, perhaps, have four heroes for the same price. The government machine, with its usual genius, has so skillfully arranged matters that it costs us \$12,000 a year to maintain in a distant islet a man who has been degraded publicly for treason. If he lives only twenty years, which would not be extraordi-

nary, he will have cost his countrymen, reckoning in the interest, a little more than \$400,000. Never did any man who saved his country cost as much as that.

It is also the first time on record that any human being inspires a great enough interest for people to spend 14,000 francs a year merely to learn the condition of his health. If a minister happens to dream some night that Dreyfus has escaped that costs 1,500 francs in telegrams the next morning. If Dreyfus catches cold it takes 1,000 francs to announce the event to the proper authorities, while if a German or English vessel is sighted sailing past the Ile au Diable we have to pay 2,000 francs.

Besides this the keepers and watchmen on the island are subjected to the most cruel discipline. One has gone mad on account of the weight of responsibility, two men have been devoured by sharks in going from the island where the governor lives to the Ile au Diable to find out how Captain Dreyfus had slept at night, and pale, nervous, restless beings are seen walking about anxiously, with a frightened look, startled and driven out of their wits at the slightest sound, having hardly time to eat and sleep; they never take their eyes off a very tranquil person, who walks his hundred paces after breakfast, smoking his pipe, with his hands behind his back. They are people with a clear conscience, who watch a man who has committed a crime.—Paris Figaro.

Mental Epidemics Past and Present.

In looking back to the medieval ages we find them to be times in which abnormal social phenomena were displayed on a grand scale—times teeming with mobs, riots, revolts; with blind movements of vast human masses; with terrible epidemics that ravaged Europe from end to end. They were ages peculiar for the strange, striking fact that whole cities, extensive provinces, great countries, were stricken by one disease. Men went mad in packs, by the thousands. An obscure individual in some remote country place had fits of hysterics, and soon all Europe was writhing and struggling in convulsions of hysterical insanity. The dark ages were strange, peculiar—so, at least, do they appear to us, who consider ourselves vastly superior to the poor, ignorant medieval peasants, burgher, knight, with their superstitious, religious fervor, and recurrent epidemic insanities. I am afraid, however, that a similar fate may overtake us. May not a future historian look back to our own times with dismay, and perhaps with horror? He will represent our age as dark and cruel—an age of the blind, senseless Napoleonic wars, of great commercial panics, industrial crises, Black Fridays, Coxey armies, and mobs and crazes of all sorts and descriptions.—Century.

Dismal Swamp Canal.

An engineering work which may have considerable effect on coastwise freights is the reconstruction of the Dismal Swamp canal, which is designed to afford a waterway between the north and south sea coasts, avoiding the dangers of Hatteras. This canal is a historic one, having been begun in 1787 and constructed in ten years, largely by slave labor, to the depth of four feet and a width of thirty-two feet. It extends from Elizabeth City, near Norfolk, Va., to the headwaters of the Pasquotank river, a distance of twenty-two miles, there connecting with navigable streams which reach the ocean south of Hatteras. In its early years it paid dividends of 60 per cent. per annum, and a share of its stock was reckoned to be worth one hearty male slave. The present contract calls for a uniform depth of ten feet and a width of sixty feet, and the venture is backed by \$900,000 of Baltimore capital. The work is to be commenced by Dec. 31, 1897.

Not Good at Arithmetic.

Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson, an English poet, in a volume of reminiscences entitled "My Confidences," tells a curious story of Dean Stanley, an illustration of the dean's difficulties with numbers. Mr. Locker-Lampson, who was a connection of Dean Stanley's by marriage, once told him how the composer Halle's cook had bought a lottery ticket with the number twenty-three.

"I had a dream, sir," said the cook, "that made me buy that number. I dreamed the number seven, I dreamed it three times, and as three times seven makes twenty-three, I bought that number."

When Mr. Locker-Lampson had concluded this story, the dean did not laugh, as he was expected to; instead of a laugh a wistful look was observed on his face, as if he would like to know where the joke lay.

"Then, suddenly, for he was very quick," says the narrator, "his face brightened and he said, but not without a shadow of dejection: 'Ah, yes, I see; yes, I suppose three times seven are not twenty-three!'"

Bingo—How is the new cook doing? Mrs. Bingo—Splendidly. Why, she has only been here three days, and she can already ride my wheel quite nicely.—New York Herald.

After a man has consented to take the medicine a woman thinks he needs, she feels that he is as good as landed.

MISSIONARIES TO ALASKA.

Two Pioneers Who Invaded the Frozen North to Spread the Gospel.

Christianity invaded Alaska before gold seekers made that the end-of-the-century Mecca. The Presbyterian Church sent a missionary and his wife to that frigid land to care for the souls of the grimy natives long before the yellow metal became the motive of pilgrimage. Rev. V. C. Gambell and his wife went north as missionaries for the Presbyterian Church and as government teachers of the natives. It was quite a while ago, when few persons but the totem pole Indians lived in the acquired territory, that Mr. and Mrs. Gambell departed for their unpromising field of labor. It will be seen that they speedily adopted the cumbersome and uncomfortable garb of the Indians. Nothing less would make life there possible, even to those born in that land. They believed before going that gold was not the only thing to be found in Alaska. Gold is nothing to these earnest, faithful laborers in comparison to human souls. They have lived among the natives long enough to have become contented with their lot and to love the people to whom they have devoted their lives. In the course of their ministrations they have traveled all through the portion of the territory where the gold finds have been most prolific of wealth. They know as much or more of the customs and habits of the natives than any persons who



REV. GAMBELL AND WIFE.

have visited Alaska. They have in their work lived among the Indians until they are thoroughly familiar with the domestic lives of the natives.

SITTING DHURNA IN INDIA.

The Mahratta Method of Settling Debts.

Many queer stories are told of the persistence and clever devices of the collectors of bad debts; but even a professional humorist would find it hard to invent anything more absurd than the method actually in use among the Mahrattas—at least, if travelers' tales are to be trusted.

In that country—so they say—when a creditor cannot get his money and begins to regard the debt as desperate, he proceeds to sit "dhurna" upon his debtor, that is, he squats down at the door of his victim's tent, and thereby, in some mysterious way, becomes master of the situation. No one can go in or out except by his sanction. He neither himself eats nor allows his debtor to eat, and this extraordinary starvation contest is kept up until either the debt is paid or the creditor gives up the siege, and in the latter case the debt is held to be canceled.

However strange it may appear to Europeans, this method of enforcing a demand is an established and almost universal usage among the Mahrattas, and seems to them a mere matter of course. Even their "Seindiah," or chieftain, is not exempt from it.

The laws by which the "dhurna" is regulated are as well defined as those of any other custom whatever. When it is meant to be very strict, the claimant takes with him a number of his followers, who surround the tent, and sometimes even the bed of his adversary, to make sure that he obtains no morsel of food. The code, however, prescribes the same abstinence for the man who imposes the ordeal; and, of course, the strongest stomach wins the day. After all, we have little right to ridicule this absurdity; for our own laws provide, nominally at least, for starving a jury into a verdict.

A similar custom was once so prevalent in the province and city of Benares that Brahmans were sometimes systematically put through a course of training to enable them to endure a long time without food. They were then sent to the door of some rich person, where they publicly made a vow to remain fasting until a certain sum of money was paid, or until they perished from starvation. To cause the death of a Brahmin was considered so heinous an offense that the cash was generally forthcoming; but never without a resolute struggle to determine whether the man was likely to prove staunch, for the average Oriental will almost as soon give up his life as his money.

Even Worse than Death.

"Why are the Dashleigh girls in mourning?" "An uncle of theirs was accepted as a juror last week."

FORT WRANGEL NEWS

A. G. McBRIDE, - - FRED L. HENSHAW
Editors and Publishers.

CHAS. A. HOPP, BUSINESS MANAGER.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY

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Six Months 1.50
Three Months .75
Single Copies .10
Foreign Postage must be Prepaid.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15, 1898.

WRANGEL CONSIDERED PROSPECTIVELY.

The story of the premature ventures of Russian traders in Alaska has been intelligently read and the motives which prompted them we have found to be similar to those which have always been the impelling forces in the invasion of new territory. The profit in furs and likelihood of finding valuable mines and remunerative fishing grounds were the features of that long century, and more, of fittings out, privation, cruelty and wrong. The peculiar resources of this region were laid bare to us so far as the coasts and adjacent waters went. The vast deposits of the precious metals were strongly suspected but had not until within the past year been demonstrated. The hope of quick and ample fortune has impelled thousands to rush in at ill considered sacrifices. The difficulties to be contended against were not understood and the result to the great majority has been and will continue to be absolute failure.

Putting aside these ephemeral excitements and contemplating conditions dispassionately, we find many reasons to justify the maintenance of a commercial city at this point. Wrangel presents a well sheltered harborage at the mouth of a navigable river. With a rail route of 145 miles linking the river and the lake it is possible to navigate thousands of miles upon water courses which cover thousands of square miles. If these necessary links are not built today, they will be tomorrow, and as the vast resources of the interior are opened up the means for transport will inevitably follow. The fish industry has no better field than in the waters tributary to us. We possess evidences of the existence of mines of iron, coal and of the precious metals in numerous places contiguous to Wrangel and to tide waters. The climate is particularly a well poised and healthy one. There are a very few days, if any, of either extreme heat or cold. If travelers come in the summer to enjoy the delightful scenes of the Alaskan shores, why ought not we who live here have a realizing sense of our surroundings? The gold fever will take thousands into the interior for years to come. Where many people gather, towns and cities will be built up. There is no reason to believe that Alaska will not be governed by the same laws as have been factors in the creation of all great cities and commonwealths. The much contended "boom" is not a stranger to any civilized people. In terms a boom is nothing more nor less than a concurrent set of ideas carried out by a great many people. No boom can exist without some strong controlling reasons. It does not militate against the reasons or the facts which inspire them because a great many ill-fated people are caught in the maelstrom. It is natural therefore that very serious reactions occur in all cases of undue and overwrought excitement. Such a reaction is inevitable as respects the great north movement. These are incidental and spasmodic, but nevertheless great forces in populating and building up.

Wrangel is an integral in a very rich setting. It has a long history, as western history goes. It is a trading and commercial point, and while it can never lean upon agriculture to find resources within its own territory proper, it does possess sources of wealth distinctly its own. Mining has become the great profit winner within the past 20 years. The business has been reduced to almost an exact science. The risks are less than those of the merchant endangered with credits or the farmer subject to the coquetry of the seasons. Let us hope, therefore, that thoughtful people will well consider the advantages offered in Alaska to the seeker for rich placers and profitable ledges, or to the merchant who here can find the greatest fishing fields offered by any sea upon earth. These are capital industries, sure in the years to come to be the means of building up and sustaining great prosperous communities.

PROHIBITION IN ALASKA.

Elsewhere in this paper mention is made of the recommendation of the grand jury against the present prohibitory liquor law and in favor of high license. The present statute has been found unsuccessful and unsatisfactory, and we believe it to be the duty of congress to make the necessary change; and, further, we think the departments at Washington are unwisely urging the enforcement of a law so undesirable to the people of this district and so unsuccessfully enforced. A total lack of knowledge by the departments concerning the country and its inhabitants is no doubt the cause that prompts the higher authorities at the capital to urge upon the local officers the attempted enforcement of the prohibitory law. We are not urging Mr. Ivey to refuse to do his duty by any means, for we know he is acting on direct orders, but we are urging upon the authorities above him the utter use-

lessness of trying to enforce this law in this country with an almost universal sentiment against it. To illustrate our position: The sale of liquor to Indians is made a separate offense. This law is supported by the sentiment of the people and a statute never was enacted that is more rigidly enforced. Trials whether at the hands of the court or a jury, are sure to result in conviction and the offender is generally given the benefit of a high sentence.

We doubt not that for the purpose of aiding in preventing sales of liquor to Indians the present prohibitory liquor law was enacted, but it renders no assistance. The one law can be and is enforced, the other cannot be. We have thousands of miles of sea coast and to prevent liquor being brought in and sold is a proposition that is simply ridiculous.

We believe Mr. Ivey has done all in his power to enforce the law. He has made many seizures and his assistants are constantly on the watch, but it would take a hundred thousand men to guard this coast. We hope the powers at Washington will exercise some judgment in this matter and not demand utter impossibilities from the men who are sent here to enforce the customs laws.

REVIEWS OF A REVIEW.

That heretofore unusually quiet and conservative newspaper, the Seattle Review, of the 4th inst. comes to us containing an editorial entitled, Wrangel's Feeble Kick, and which is directed principally against this city and her interests. The Seattle newspapers, and especially the dailies, have lost no opportunity of injuring Fort Wrangel in their columns and now for the first time, we believe, the paper first mentioned has joined forces in this unholy warfare. Column after column has been published against this place and the Stikine river route and of course every body ought to know that these attacks are intended to pull down Fort Wrangel and build up Skaguay and Dyea. There are several reasons that prompt this unfair attack against us, one of which, no doubt, is that the fare to Dyea and Skaguay on the boats is much higher than to this place and, as patrons and advertisers, the transportation companies would be benefitted by wiping Fort Wrangel off the face of the earth, or turning all the Yukon travel over the other trails.

Seattle, as the Review suggests, is losing much of this northern trade, the wonder is that she receives any from this city. While the constant fight against us has done no special injury, still our people would rather be spoken kindly of than otherwise. A general spirit of retaliation has not prevailed in this place, for the reason, perhaps, that business and improvements of all kinds have absorbed the attention of our people and they have had no spare time to devote to defending themselves against attacks that in the long run will do us no harm.

The article referred to, with becoming frankness, says that an opportunity is offered for condemning the policy of the Canadian Pacific Railway officials located in the United States for representing that the Lake Teslin route would be open for travel as soon as the ice was out of the river in the spring. We are not authorized to defend the Canadian Pacific, but a few facts are within the general knowledge of coast inhabitants that will perhaps throw some light upon this matter.

Last winter a contract was entered into between the Canadian ministry in behalf of the government and Mackenzie, Mann & Co., for the construction of a railroad to connect the Stikine river and Lake Teslin. The contractors took men, implements and horses up to Glenora and commenced work, but the Canadian senate was "influenced" against the arrangement and the contract was annulled. Since then, it has been the general belief that the railroad would be built and only within the last ten days did Mackenzie, Mann & Co. bring their stock from Glenora. No doubt, under the firm belief in the early construction of that road, the advertising matter referred to was printed, and just as soon as it became known that the railroad mentioned would not be constructed a force of men was put to work to improve the trail leading from the river to the lake.

Hundreds went through to the lake from Telegraph Creek last winter, one party taking eighty tons. Many have gone through this spring and summer and because, for a week or ten days, the high water prevented travel, a short time ago, it is being heralded by the Seattle papers, the Review at this late day jumping in, that the trail from the river to the lake is utterly impassable. The good people of Seattle as a rule have shown a kindly spirit toward Fort Wrangel and we are slow to believe that, outside of the transportation companies, the attack upon us is approved. Fort Wrangel goes steadily on nevertheless. The Cassiar Central will be pushed through to a connection with rivers leading to the Yukon, and in time will bring forth the truth that the Stikine river, or so called All Canadian route is the best and most practical to the Klondike.

Mosquito Dope, Sure prevention at Wrangel Drug Co.

J. A. Prairie, the produce man, went to Seattle yesterday on the Utopia.

Carbolic Acid for Disinfecting, At Wrangel Drug Co. 25 cents per pint.

Evans and Richards are the inspectors at the boundary line up the Stikine.

Collector Ivey is in Portland, his former home. He is expected up in about ten days.

Ray and Mackie, two of the Dominion surgeons that have been at work in the Lake Teslin district, came down on the Ogilvie and will go south on the Tartar today.

'TIS SAID ON THE QUIET.

A Few Gentle Hints Given to the News Representative that are not Generally Known.

That Capt. Nightengale feels proud over the new wharf, and he ought to.

That Chappy has concluded to let us live.

That Foster was after another halibut last Monday.

That the recent dance was a grand display of pretty women.

That Marshall was in disguise one day last week.

That Mr. Reed sells lots of boat tickets.

That Roy Cole is lonesome since he is the only clerk left.

That the postoffice is satisfactory to the people.

That the joke on the two boys in the boat is too good to give away.

That guard duty these hot afternoons ought to be dispensed with by Capt. Eldridge.

That some of the Alaska militia wants to go to Manila.

That Collins thought he had a cat on the line Sunday.

That a woman's garter, seventeen inches long, was picked up on East Front street a few days ago.

That a prominent merchant, of this city, is soon to be married.

That Bullock's clothing house is attracting much attention.

The District Attorney.

The Sitka Alaskan pays our friend Bennett the following compliment:

We print in this issue the opinion of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for the Ninth Circuit, in the case of Max Endleman et. al. vs. The United States carried up from District Court. This is the celebrated liquor case which was carried up to test the present prohibitory liquor law. This is of great interest to our people and for this reason we publish it in full.

United States Attorney Bennett has been upheld on every point, and his view of the law sustained. Hereafter our people will direct their efforts to Congress and endeavor to have it repeal this obnoxious law. Had this been done before, by this time we would be living under a high license law and the train of evils which follow the present law would be done away with. Mr. Bennett's advice in the beginning to enforce this law until repealed and to work for its repeal, if not suited to our condition, was most wise. It was for the best interests of Alaska and for our people. Law must be enforced. We sincerely trust that on the next boat we shall receive news that this evil and obnoxious law has been repealed.

The Fighters.

The comparative strength of the navies of the United States and Spain is shown by the following tables, which do not include the auxiliary fleet or exclude the Spanish ships destroyed and its auxiliary ships:

UNITED STATES.

Battleships, 1st class	3
Battleships, 2nd class	1
Coast defense ships	20
Cruisers, 1st class	7
Cruisers, 2nd class	11
Cruisers, 3rd class	11
Gunboats	8
Torpedo craft, 1st class	15
Torpedo craft, 2nd class	5
Torpedo craft, 3rd class	1

SPAIN.

Battleships, 1st class	1
Port defense ship	1
Cruisers, 1st class	9
Cruisers, 2nd class	7
Cruisers, 3rd class	7
Gunboats, etc.	70
Torpedo craft, 1st class	20
Torpedo craft, 2nd class	3
Torpedo craft, 3rd class	4

The Ogilvie came down from Glenora yesterday. She had some of the Mackenzie, Mann & Co. outfit in her cargo.

Mr. Richards goes south today to his home in Seattle. His stay in Fort Wrangel was a pleasant one.

Ole Knudson was in town yesterday receiving the attention of a surgeon for his sore hand which was injured some six weeks ago.

City Cigar and Tobacco Store

—A full line of—

Books, Stationery and Periodicals.

S. STROUSE, PROP.

Opposite McKinnon's Wharf, Fort Wrangel.

West Bros. BUTCHERS.

Supplying Ships, Hotels and Restaurants a Specialty.

400 FRONT ST. FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA

The W. H. PORTER CO.

RETAIL GROCERS.

Provisions of the Highest Grade Only.

TEAS, COFFEES, SPICES.

Orders Called for and Delivered

NORTH FRONT ST.
NEAR DAVIDGE'S WHARF Fort Wrangel, Alaska.

WILLSON & SYLVESTER, WRANGEL.....

MANUFACTURERS OF

Yellow Cedar, Red Cedar and Spruce Lumber, Flooring, Ceiling, Rustic, Shiplap, Etc.

Shingles, Doors, Windows. FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA

S. FLESHAM.

D. ROSENBLUM.

S. FLESHAM & CO.

Cigars, Tobaccos, Fruits, Stationery, AND NOTIONS

232 FRONT STREET.
Opposite McKinnon's Wharf.

Fort Wrangel, Alaska

ESTABLISHED IN 1896.

Fort Wrangel Brewery

BRUNO GREIF, Proprietor.

The new hall has been completed west of the Brewery in first-class style and is now occupied.

FIRST CLASS LODGING HOUSE

The finest lunch counter in the city which is always well provided with the very best of everything.

Refreshments the Very Best. Patronize a Home Industry.

THE CASSIAR....

—In front of McKinnon's Wharf—
NO. 217, FRONT STREET

The Gentleman's Resort

LARGE ROOM, TABLES AND CHAIRS IN ABUNDANCE.

The Choicest Refreshments in the City

DON'T FORGET THE CASSIAR

Remember the....

Eureka Brewing Co.

432 FRONT STREET.

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.

A nice cool place to spend an afternoon or evening.

Best and Coolest Refreshments in the City

GIVE US A CALL.

DR. V. McALPIN

DENTIST.

(30 years experience.)

Seward Building, rear of Wakefield & Young
FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.

ON HAND DAY AND NIGHT.

CASE & WILSON

Carry a full line of everything usually found in a general store

Family Trade a Specialty

A FULL LINE OF INDIAN CURIOS.
BAR SUPPLIES AND SOFT DRINKS.
Highest Price Paid for Furs

SUBSCRIPTIONS
ONE YEAR \$3.00
SIX MONTHS 1.50
THREE MONTHS .75
Advertising Rates
ON APPLICATION
THE
ADVERTISING MEDIUM
of
SOUTHEAST ALASKA
FIRST CLASS
JOB WORK
A SPECIALTY
SATISFACTION
GUARANTEED

READ THE

NEWS...

AND GET THE

NEWS..

.....

THE FORT WRANGEL NEWS.

A Grist of the Week's Local News Dished
Up for the Special Benefit of Our
Readers by News Reporters.

Mr. P. Haught is over on one of the islands for a short time.

The Utopia came in from the north yesterday bound for Seattle.

Eight river boats with a convoy passed the entrance on their way up to St. Michaels Sunday.

The Richard III emptied great piles of coal from his bowels last week which adorns the south end of the Davidge wharf.

Mr. Bridge of this city has been appointed a government inspector. He is a California man and will make a good inspector.

Carpenter Hamilton went over to the Wrangel Narrows yesterday on a hunting and prospecting tour. He will be gone a week or more.

A change has been made in deputy marshals at Skagway and Dyea. John Cudihee and Snook have taken the places of Richards and McInnis.

Our enterprising citizen, Mr. F. E. Cagel, is building a good sea wall in front of some of his property on North Front street. He is using logs and rocks.

The Utopia, White captain, arrived from Seattle last Friday. She brought no passengers or late papers and the people cheerfully said good bye as she pulled out for the north.

The Discovery, Grant captain, tied up at the Troup wharf last Monday afternoon. She had about sixty passengers aboard. J. V. McCullough of Seattle was one of them on his way to Skagway.

The Casca came over to the Davidge wharf last Monday. She had been on the beach for a week undergoing repairs. Coming down on her last trip she had some trouble that slightly injured her.

Miss Queene Palmer, one of Fort Wrangel's prettiest girls, and Mrs. Charles L. Merrill left on the Seattle for a visit on the Sound. They have hosts of friends here who wish them a pleasant time.

Andrew Wildman, Theodore Dilkes, C. J. Harrison, Col. Winward, O. C. Stone and William Fletcher made up a party that went to the lake, eight miles below, last Saturday. They returned Sunday evening with a nice string of trout.

The Queen, on her trip down, had on board the remains of a woman who died of typhoid fever at Skagway. The sanitary conditions in that city must be terribly bad if reports and the corpses shipped east are any criterion to judge by.

Mr. Backus, of Seattle, who has been connected with the Washington National bank of that city for a number of years, was one of the excursionists on the Queen on her down run last Monday. Mr. Backus is one of the best men in the Queen City, and an excellent type of the class of men who are building up the future great city on the Pacific.

"Yes sir, put us an advertisement in the News," said one of the proprietors of the Eureka brewery last Monday when the newsgatherer was around on his mission of soliciting patronage. The Eureka fellows are live, wide awake men—rustlers of high grade—men who are helping to make the future great city of Alaska, and the enterprise of the News has not escaped their eyes. Read their advertisement in this issue and then call at their establishment.

The Chamber of Commerce.

A quorum was not present at the meeting last Monday evening and no business being done, the lid was not removed.

Take a Change.

Seattle is soon to have a public toilet and lavatory. When this improvement is completed we hope the newspaper men will let up on Fort Wrangel for a few issues.

Thanks, Mr. Foster.

The hero of last Sunday's fishing exploit is certainly entitled to the thanks of the three orphans who comprise the News force. Mr. F. sent us a piece of that beautiful halibut, of which special mention is made in another column. He selected a choice cut and his liberality is apparent when we state that the piece he sent us weighed no less than twenty pounds.

A Handsome Issue.

The Annual Summer Trade Number of the Seattle Review has been received through the kindness of the publisher, Mr. Ernst. It contains sixteen pages of write up and other news concerning Seattle and her business interests. It is a very creditable paper and reflects much credit on its publisher and displays the usual generosity of the Queen City's business men and manufacturers.

Will Stop Here.

The river boats Columbia, Canadian, Indian and Australian, under convoy of the Fordenskjold, an ocean steamer, will stop at this place some day this week. The boats are being taken to St. Michaels to engage in the Yukon river travel. These vessels are owned by the Canadian Development company and its managing director, H. Maitland Kersey, will be with the boats to this city. From here he will go to Dawson by way of Glenora and Lake Teslin.

Politics and Religion.

Mr. C. J. Smith, general manager of the Pacific Coast Steamship company, was a passenger on the Queen. The editor of the News met Mr. Smith, who was taking a look at our town. He received the first news of the Oregon election while in this place and expressed himself as highly pleased that Oregon had returned to republicanism. This gave the News man an opening and a conversation ensued on religion and politics, and when Mr. Smith left the writer for the boat we are pleased to relate that he was much refreshed.

Off to the Pen.

Marshal Shoup of this district and Deputies Cudihee, McNair, Staley, Hamilton, Snook and Johnson were registered passengers on the Queen. They had ten prisoners with them whom they are taking to San Quentin, Cal. Six of them were convicted of murder and the remaining four of minor offenses. Deputy Cudihee was seen by a News man and reported mining interests improving at Sitka. He is stationed at Skagway and Dyea. The marshal and his deputies will return in about three weeks.

Another Fish Story.

Last Monday evening two fishermen were in a boat just off the Davidge wharf. One of them held the oars, the other a line with hooks well baited for salmon. Fastened to one of these hooks was a terrible skate and they towed him to the slip at the wharf, where he was dragged onto the planks and killed. He measured six feet in length and was four and one-half feet wide. These fish are flat as a pancake, and not used for food. There is nothing handsome in their make-up, on the contrary they look repulsive.

A HUGE HALIBUT.

Sunday Fishing a Success. Great Excitement at the Davidge Wharf, which was Transferred to the Beach in Front of the News Office.

Last Sunday was a beautiful day. A trifle too warm for comfort, but in all other respects perfection itself. There were no arrivals of Sound boats and the usual Sunday reading could not be made a pleasure or a pastime. There were no church services or Sunday school to attend and the people put in the time as best they could. A number of small boats were out on the bay, made up of fishing and pleasure parties, while others after the noon day meal sought rest and recreation fishing off of the three wharves that adorn our water front. Among the latter was Mr. W. Foster, the happy landlord of the Joplin hotel. He chose the Davidge wharf from which to try his luck as a fisherman. A goodly number of people were on the dock, but Foster sought seclusion, or as nearly so as could be enjoyed on the wharf. He cast his hook and line into the briny deep and quietly waited for something to turn up. Foster is full of patience—Missourians generally are—and he sat there like a statue, scarcely moving a muscle, except when some obtrusive fly would light on his nose or a mosquito stick his javelin into the back of his neck, and then he would drive them away with a kind of a mechanical motion, scarcely thinking of what he was doing. Well, Foster fished and fished, apparently half awake and half asleep. Occasionally the glare from the glass-like water would strike his half opened eyes and our hero would give the rim of his straw hat a pull to better protect them. Whether he was half dreaming, or in reality wide awake, we do not know. What was passing in his mind was equally a mystery to us. He may have thought of capturing a big fish; he may have thought of his former eastern friends and home, or of his excellent wife and lovely little child who are with him in this city—we don't know. But all of a sudden he jumped to his feet—he was excited—a huge fish had taken hold of his hook and was making for deep water. The slack in his line as well as that part not before in use was paid out. The end of the line was securely fastened and the fish slowly pulled toward the wharf. At this time, Jack Collins happened to be passing in a light row boat. You can always count on Jack being "there" if there is any fun going on. Jack was hailed and he took the fish in tow. Some of the time Jack towed the fish and some of the time the fish towed Jack and his frail craft. It was fun to see the fish whirl Jack's boat around and skeddaddle off with it. Then Jack would slow the fish up and tow awhile himself. It took Jack three-quarters of an hour to get the fish to the beach, a distance of some three hundred yards.

Our hero was fully awake by this time—it is a very "awakening thing" to catch a great big fish. The fish was towed into shallow water and Foster tried to stick an old dull fork into it, which for the first time was discovered to be a huge halibut. This fork only frightened him, and away he scudded, with the crowd yelling, "give him line." After going out a hundred feet or more the line was tightened up and he was again hauled into shallow water. The News man brought a 44 Smith and Wesson revolver from the arsenal of the office, and taking the weapon Jack let fly a ball into the halibut's head, which put a quietus to any further danger of losing the monster.

The News man measured him; he was five feet one and one-half inches long. His weight was over one hundred pounds.

He was loaded into a boat and taken to the Joplin house on the South side.

Of course fish are plentiful here, but catching them of that size from a wharf is a rare occurrence.

Fort Wrangel.

The Seattle Review says:

"Wrangel is filled up today with hosts of starving men and women, principally from the eastern states and central Northwest. They are practically imprisoned there."

All of which is a falsehood. The writer of the above should buy and wear one of those buttons inscribed with "I'm something of a liar myself."

Fine Apartments.

Mr. Bruno Greif's ad. appears in this issue of the News with some changes. You will observe that he advertises a lodging house in the second story of his new building. Well, you ought to see his rooms—the finest in the city, all new, painted, beautifully carpeted and furnished with splendid furniture and nice clean beds. Bath and toilet on the same floor. Mr. Greif is one of the most progressive men in the city. He has put up lots of buildings, and all ways of the best. His new brewery is a fine structure. Wrangel has lots of live men, but none better than Bruno Greif. A lady house-keeper attends to the office.

The Fort Wrangel Ice Co.

There are some things connected with the ice business that are not known to everybody. In the first place, the business is run by two of the best boys that ever lived, the Gillis Brothers. The supply, of ice, is inexhaustible, notwithstanding the fact that they use no ice machine. They get it up at the head of Prince Frederick's sound in what is called Ice Bay. The ice floats out into the ocean from off of the glaciers. Some of it may be a trifle old, but patrons see no objection on that account, in fact it is first class. In this city they keep it well packed in sawdust in their warehouse.

A BARBER AND HIS KNIFE.

Serious Cutting Affray at Glenora Last Sunday. Other News.

The report from Glenora of a serious cutting affray in that city last Sunday was traced up by a News man. After considerable search and inquiry, Mr. John M. Cray, who was at Glenora at the time, was found on board the Ogilvie and we were given the facts concerning the matter. The names of the parties, however, could not be ascertained.

A barber in Glenora indulged freely in a game of poker and finally went broke so far as money was concerned, but the jag he had on was in a blooming condition. He went to the tent of a Klondiker who being asleep was robbed of some of his money. When this was all gone the barber returned for more, and during his second visit, the sleeper awoke from his dreams to find a man intent on robbery in his tent. The barber attacked him with a knife cutting him on the left side, on the right arm and also on the right cheek, the first being a large gapping wound. When the assault had proceeded thus far, a man with a club became a spectator of what was going on and a participant in the affair, and with a sweep of his club knocked the knife out of the barber's hand and ended the affray.

The injured man was pretty badly cut, but the wounds will not prove fatal.

The barber is safely in the hands of the provincial police and will no doubt be tried at Glenora at the term of court to be held there, where justice will be meted out to him in liberal quantities.

Mr. Cray was formerly from Rosslund, B. C. and is on his way back to that place. He has been up at Glenora for the past three months. He says there are about three thousand people at Glenora at the present time. The first number of the News, the first paper ever published at Glenora, was printed last Saturday.

LATER.

Since the above was put into type, steamer Elwood arrived from Glenora. Among her passengers was Mr. F. W. Weldon, the jailor at that place, who was in search of David Courtmarch, that being the name of the barber who did the cutting. The prisoner escaped from jail yesterday morning about 3 o'clock. He is supposed to be in this city and the officers will watch the boats expecting to capture him.

Had Them in Stock.

A News man was going down East Front last Monday. He was out looking up the news when he met—well, we needn't give his name. "What items have you for the readers of the News?" "Oh, nothing much. But by the way, do you know Tom Case?" "Yes," said the reporter. "Well, let me give you a good one on him," said our informant, "and put it in just as I give it to you." After promising to have the story put into type in correct form, he gave us the following story on Tom:

Some ten years ago, the exact date doesn't matter, the only store in Loring, Alaska, was kept by Tom Case, who is now engaged in business in this city.

Tom, as he was commonly called, was a character, dry as a Patent Office report, and sharp as a newly-honed razor and what he didn't have in that antiquated, old fashioned store of his wasn't worth keeping—or selling, either.

Whenever some smart young man, of whom there always plenty in a frontier village, tried to catch him by asking for some improbable thing, the shrewd storekeeper generally came out on top of the heap by triumphantly producing the article.

One day a young man of this kind was chafing Tom about his extensive stock of goods, and he finally offered to wager ten dollars that he could ask for something that couldn't be found in his store.

"I'll take that bet, young man," said Tom as quick as a flash; "that is, provided you ask for something that is used around these diggings."

"Oh, that's all right," was the reply. "I know of a number of them in use within half a dozen miles of here."

"That's all I want to know," said Tom. "There's a sawbuck for you, now cover it an' fire away."

The storekeeper laid a ten-dollar bill on the counter, and the young man promptly covered it with a greenback of the same denomination; a two-pound weight was laid on the bills to hold them down, and then, winking blandly at the crowd looking on, the young man turned to the merchant and said:

"Well, Tom, I see you are already to wait on me, so I guess you can do me up a second-hand pulpit if you've got one in stock."

"Pulpit, eh? Sure it's a pulpit you want?" said Tom, scratching his head as if greatly puzzled.

"Yes sir; that's what I called for, and that is precisely what I want."

"Won't nothin' but a second hand pulpit do you?"

"No sir; either trot out your pulpit or hand over those two ten dollar bills, I'm not particular which."

"All right, sonny; if you're dead sure it's a pulpit you're suffering for, I reckon I can accommodate you," drawled Tom, with a sly twinkle in his eyes. Then turning to his clerk he said:

"Harry, just take the hand-truck and wheel in that second-hand pulpit from the back room. I bought it when the old Mission church was torn down a few years ago, and I've kept it on hand ever since, thinking I might get a chance to sell it to some durn fool or other, an'—what's your hurry, sonny? Ain't you going to wait to see that pulpit?"

The Cassiar Central.

The Victoria Colonist, one of the most reliable papers published on the Pacific coast, in an issue of recent date states that 99 miles of the Cassiar Central Railroad is to be built this summer. This part of the route is to run from Glenora to Dees lake, which latter being the southern boundary of the great Cassiar mining district. Dees lake is located north and a little east of Glenora and the country along the proposed line is supposed to be as rich in mineral deposits as the well known Cassiar district. From Dees lake the road is finally to be built north to Frances river and from there to a connection with the Pelly river which is navigable and empties into the Yukon at Fort Selkirk. To Fort Wrangel the construction of the Cassiar Central would be of greater benefit than the proposed road from Glenora to Lake Teslin, for the reason that the former runs through one of the richest mining districts in the world, while the latter would pass through a country that is supposed to contain little if any of the precious metal. The exact point where a navigable stream could be first reached between Dees lake and the Pelly we cannot say in this issue, but much of the way between Dees lake and the Pelly lakes could be navigated in small boats. The portage across, we are told, is less than thirty miles.

The Canadians in abandoning the Teslin route for the Cassiar Central are certainly well informed as to the relative merits of the two and it seems to be their object to open up a route to the Klondike for those going in and a rich mining district for others. That the road will be built, we have no doubt. We still insist that the Canadians will not abandon the idea of possessing a route to the Yukon through their own territory.

Trip in A Gasoline Launch.

The Morning Post Townsend Leader of the 23rd of February gave quite an extended notice of the presence of Dr. H. H. Titus and his son Arthur of Palo Alto, Cal., in the Key City. They came up to Seattle and from there proceeded to Port Townsend in a gasoline launch. They were making their way by easy stages to Alaska, the junior gentleman taking photographic views along the way of places and objects of interest, to be used by Frank Leslie's publications, McClure's Magazine, and The Traveler, a San Francisco publication, in illustrating descriptive articles, the data for which are prepared by Mr. Pillsbury. These gentlemen arrived in this city Saturday evening, after quite an eventful experience on the trip up the coast. They encountered a storm off Cape Fox, Dixon's Inlet, and were shipwrecked. A heavy sea washed their frail craft high and dry on the beach, but they escaped from the wreck without difficulty. The launch was a total loss, but the gentlemen, fortunate in escaping without personal injury, were too thankful to complain. At Mary Island another launch, in an advanced state of general dilapidation, was procured, and Mr. Arthur Pillsbury, who is a practical engineer and machinist, was engaged for nearly two months in repairing and remodeling it. His skillful workmanship transformed the boat into a seaworthy condition, and the journey north was continued. Dr. Pillsbury is most favorably impressed with the location of Fort Wrangel, its natural advantages and climatic conditions, and if satisfactory arrangements can be made, may locate here permanently. Mr. Arthur Pillsbury will make Wrangel the base of his operations, and from here will shortly make a trip to Skagway for the purpose of taking views of the various points of interest in that locality, and may conclude to extend his operations as far as the lakes before returning. Later in the season he will make a trip up the Stikine river, where his camera will again be brought into play. It is the intention of Mr. Pillsbury to go into the interior next season, proceeding as far as Dawson City.

After the Gold.

The dull season of the year is proving beneficial to Fort Wrangel in some respects. Many prospecting parties are being formed and a vigorous search is being made in all directions for gold. Reports are coming in from some of them of the discovery of good quartz and placer claims, and before the summer is ended many of those who have complained of dull times and hard luck will find themselves suddenly made rich. The gold is in the country, and if a few months of quietude will drive the prospector into the possession of wealth, one should not complain. At present a number are out in the Narrows and reports come in that good gold bearing quartz can be found without much trouble, but the gold hunter is more favorably inclined toward the placer claim and the former has had but little attention paid to it.

The Fire Fend.

There is no lack of knowledge on the part of our people concerning the meagre water supply in this city and we wish to call the attention, of the officials, to the fact that the promiscuous use of fireworks is liable to start a fire which would no doubt destroy the greater portion of the city when once well started. The use of these fireworks should not be permitted in the business portions of the town.

Back Again.

W. H. Corbell, of this city, returned from a trip to Vancouver last Sunday on the Tartar. He reports times fairly good at Vancouver. He says the general belief down there is that the Cassiar Central will be built this season as far as Dees lake. Mr. Corbell also stated to the News man that he was told that the order to remove all the Mackenzie, Mann and Co. implements from Glenora had been rescinded.

THE POETIC MUSE

One for Many.

Loving and faithful to the man I loved,
As he was true to me,
With vision of his soul's predestined need,
I forced him to go free.

I watched him going slowly down the hill,
Bowed with one grief I know,
South wind and streamlet proffered him
Their aid,
I sat alone with woe.

While life a burden on my shoulders lay,
And tears still dimmed my eyes,
I heard his grief, transmuted into song,
Up from the valley rise.

Other sad hearts will listen and be
Soothed,
Mine never can forget,
'Tis God's deep dealings with the souls
Of men,
I've nothing to regret.
—M. A. M.

All Right in the End.

Your heart is bowed with a transient
grief,
Your eyes are misty with tears;
There's a sorrow deep and there's no
relief
Ahead in the maze of years,
So it seems to you as you weep to-day,
Yet sorrow may be your friend;
So keep up your courage a while and
pray,
'Twill come out right in the end.

There never was day so dark and drear
But what, ere the sands had run,
The clouds would shift and the heavens
clear
To the smiling face of the sun,
There never was cruel stab or blow
Inflicted by foe or friend
But there was a balm, God willed it so—
'Twill come out right in the end.

There never was love so cruelly wronged
Or throttled by cruel grief,
But time atoned for the joys you longed,
And love that was crushed would rise,
O, heart, rise up from the slough's de-
spend,
Your faith must not swerve or bend;
Let hope be pinned above and beyond—
'Twill come out right in the end.
—Roy Farrell Greene.

The Song of the Leaves.

The dead leaves sighed to the passing
wind:
Carry us
Far, far from here on thy mighty wings!
Away to realms of forgotten things,
Where the unwept dead a grave may find,
Carry us!

The dead leaves sighed to the flying dust;
Cover us!
That the butterflies flitting overhead
May see us not, unlovely and dead,
Hide us from sight, for decay we must,
Cover us!

The dead leaves sighed to the chilling
rain:
Weep for us!
For we shall blend with the roadside
slime,
And they who saw us in summer's prime
Shall passing by, know us not again,
Weep for us!

The dead leaves sighed to the falling
snow:
Bury us!
Bury us deep in untrodden ways,
Far from the glory of bygone days,
Far from the summer of long ago,
Bury us!

So the keen wind blew them far away;
The dust enwrapped them in clouds of
gray,
The rain wept over their early doom,
And the white snow silently built their
tomb.
—Beatrice J. Prall, in the English Illus-
trated.

The Steersman.

The fore shrouds bar the moonlit sand,
The port rail laps the sea;
Aloft all taut, where the wind clouds
skim,
Aloft the cutwater snug and trim,
And the man at the wheel sings low,
sings he:

"Oh sea room and lee room
And a gale to run afore;
From the Golden Gate to Sunda Strait,
But my heart lies snug ashore."

Her hull rolls high, her nose dips low,
The rollers flash alee—
Wallow and dip, and the untossed screw
Sends heart throbs quivering through and
through—
And the man at the wheel sings low,
sings he:

"Oh, sea room and lee room
And a gale to run afore;
Sou'east by south and a bone in her
mouth,
But my heart lies snug ashore."

The helmsman's arms are brown and
hard,
And pricked in his forearm be
A ship, an anchor, a love knot t'ue;
A heart of red and an arrow of blue,
And the man at the wheel sings low,
sings he:

"Oh, sea room and lee room
And a gale to run afore;
The ship to her chart, but Jack to his
heart—
And my heart lies snug ashore."
—The Bookman.

People who eat the most usually think
the least.

LCST MEMORY IN A WRECK.

Mishaps of a New Jersey Man Who
Passed Through Railway Accident.

One of the victims of the Atlantic
City meadows railroad horror is Francis
A. Morrell, who lives with his father
at East Orange, N. J. He is 25 years
old, unmarried and was, prior to the
accident, connected with the law office
of his brother-in-law, George Clymer,
in Newark.

The remarkable feature of the case
is the fact that, while slowly return-
ing to his normal physical condition,
his mental condition is such that he re-
calls nothing of the accident. When
spoken to upon the subject of the col-
lision he denies any recollection of it
or that he was in it, and attributes the
pain in his head to neuralgia.

He was taken out of the wreck at a
point almost under one of the locomo-
tives. He reads the newspapers, en-
ters earnestly and intelligently into a
conversation and seems as clear-minded
as anyone else, except on the subject
of the accident.

When Morrell was taken to the At-
lantic City sanitarium after the ac-
cident it was found that he was practi-
cally scalped on the left side of his
head, his ear was torn off with the
scalp and the skin from the left side
of his jaw. His left shoulder blade
was badly fractured and the bones of
his shoulder were broken. His left
arm was badly injured, his legs were
a mass of bruised and lacerated flesh
and he was crushed about the lower
part of the trunk of his body so badly
as to cause severe internal injuries,
which make his restoration to almost
normal physical condition little short
of marvelous. His external wounds
are nearly all healed, except where his
ear was torn.

Owing to the remarkable recovery
from his physical wounds the doctors
now entertain the hope that what is
now a blank to him may return to his
memory and his recovery be complete.

His conversation with members of
the family is often sharp and bright.
In many instances, however, the inter-
vention of a few hours' time will ap-
parently obliterate from his memory
all trace of the conversation and he
will deny that it took place or that cer-
tain things were done. On the other
hand, matters which it was not believ-
ed he could well remember he recalled
with ease two, three or four days after
their occurrence. In fact, he under-
stands and talks well about every-
thing except the accident and anything
pertaining to it, and while he listens
with interest to anything said about it
he declares earnestly that he knows
nothing about it and that it never hap-
pened, in spite of his frightful tell-tale
injuries. —Philadelphia Telegraph.

BUST OF WALTER SCOTT.

To Be Placed in a Niche Beside Long-
fellow in Westminster Abbey.

Sir Walter Scott is to have a bust in
Westminster Abbey. It will be placed
in that spot so sacred to all admirers
of literary genius—the poet's corner.
Scott will be given a niche beside Long-
fellow—the only American in the En-
glish pantheon—and appropriately, too,
for was not Sir Walter to Cale-
donia the same sort of poet that Hen-
ry Wadsworth was to America? The
bust of Scott is in marble, and is a
replica of the famous Chantry bust.
It was modeled by the noted British
sculptor, J. Hutchinson, and is said to
be a fine portrait of the great novelist
and narrative poet.



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Distressing Poverty.

A party of Kentuckians were in
Washington some years ago and called
on the Congressman from their district.
During the conversation the visitors
asked about Colonel —, a former
neighbor who had been living in Wash-
ington for some time. "I am very sorry
to tell you, gentlemen," replied the
member of Congress, "that Colonel —
is in hard luck. He is very poor, in-
deed, I assure you. He does not com-
plain, and it was only by accident that
I learned of his straitened circum-
stances. He has a room across the hall
from my room at the hotel. A few
nights ago I went across to borrow his
corkscrew. Would you believe it, gen-
tlemen, Colonel — is actually so poor
his corkscrew is rusty?"

Lots of people are robbed who never
say anything about it.

FRIENDS OF ACCUSED PASTORS.

Many People Cling to Derelict Preach-
ers After Their Guilt Is Proven.

"There's one thing I can't under-
stand," said a man of the world. "That
is the fierceness of church fights and
the ability of every man who is a
preacher to rally to his support scores
of good people, no matter what his con-
duct may have been. Once a man gets
attached to a church, though he may
get into trouble the next week and the
nature of his trouble may tend to dis-
credit religion, he has the support of
these good people. I recall three cases
right now.

"A minister was called to a church
and he had hardly more than accepted
the charge when his wife sued him for
divorce. She charged cruelty and all
that. The members of the congrega-
tion knew absolutely nothing about the
merits of the case. He was a stranger to
them, but they rallied around him,
pitted him, sent flowers to him, and,
figuratively speaking, cursed and re-
viled the woman whom he had prom-
ised to love, cherish and protect, though
it was proved he hadn't done anything
of the kind. The papers printed col-
umns of the stuff, and every line of it
was a damage to the cause of religion
and a particular damage to the church.
But these good people stood by him and
are standing by him yet. If the wife
gets a divorce they will continue to
stand by him and will condemn the
woman.

"Another recent case that has figured
in the newspapers is of a man who has
clearly outlived his usefulness in the
church he is in. The church is in debt.
Not enough money is raised to pay run-
ning expenses. The organization has
run down. It has been getting worse
and worse ever since this man took
hold. This fact is notorious, yet enough
people cling to him to keep him in the
church and to make it mighty unpleas-
ant for anybody who says a word
against him.

"A third case that has also figured
largely in the papers is that of a man
whose character is well known and who
has bamboozled everybody who ever
had any financial transactions with
him. Yet he is able to hang on, and is
surrounded in all his troubles by a
crowd of women and men who call him
'dear' and ply him and denounce the
men who are trying to have him de-
posed as a gang of persecutors. These
three cases simply come to my mind
now. If I sat down and thought I could
recall a booklet. Now, unquestionably,
this is all wrong. It isn't business, and
it hurts religion. It keeps men in the
ministry who are wholly unfit to be
there and are continually bringing dis-
credit upon the church. The most pec-
uliar thing about it all is that in al-
most every row there will be found on
the side of the pastor some business
men who would no more think of run-
ning their business in the way the
church is run than they would think of
flying. If anybody suggested their
keeping a malevolent they would say
that the man who suggested it must
think they were crazy." —New York
Sun.

Every Day English.



"I don't gwite yet verstehen goot dot kind
of talk I hear
Mit dese United States apoudt, it seems
to me richd gweel,
Ven I vall mit der schtreit ear off, und
dot conductor grumble,
Und say: 'Dese newly landed ducks, dey
never take a tumble!'
But I did!

"Von dime I chased a man away vot tried
mine dog to schteide;
I ran rightd gwick und den I vell rightd in
a pig mud hole;
Dot man he shtopped und looked aroundt,
und laughed at me a minute;
Und den he said: 'Say, Dutchy, looks to
me like you ain't in it,'
But I vas!

"I met a veller on der shtreet von night
ven I vos outd;
He says: 'You vant to dake up all der
vawk, old sauerkraut?'
I doid him I could bull his nose of outd
he did not mind!
He said: 'I vill not do a ting to you, mein
Deutcher friend,'
But he did!"
—Detroit Free Press.

Dreadful.

Housewife—It is dreadful to think
what whisky will bring a man to.
Tramp—That's so, mum. Afore I
took t' de road, I never thought I
would hev t' eat sleh things ez are beln'
handed out t' me every day.—Judge.

Tobacco received its name of nicotiana
in honor of Jean Nicot, envoy
from the court of France to Portugal,
who sent some seed to Catherine de
Medicis.

REMARKABLE YOUNG WOMEN.

What Jane Addams and Amanda John-
son Have Done for Chicago.

Perhaps the two most remarkable
young women in Chicago are Jane Ad-
dams, directress of the Hull House, and
her assistant, Amanda Johnson. At any
rate they are unique figures and have
accomplished wonderful things.

Miss Addams is about 30 years old.
Less than ten years ago the pitiable
condition of the people of Chicago's
Nineteenth Ward impressed itself upon



MISS JANE ADDAMS.

her, and she then and there resolved
to do all in her power to improve the
social, intellectual and material condi-
tion of the foreigners who make up 90
per cent. of the ward's population. She
established Hull House, a sort of club-
room, to which she welcomed Italians,
Bohemians, German, Irish, English,
French and Turks. There were 255
saloons in the ward to compete with
her, but she was brave. She provided
amusement for them in various forms,
established classes in history, physics,
literature and good citizenship, and
gave them hints as to social improve-
ments. She opened her rooms in their
very midst and lived among them and
soon gained their confidence.

Ere long the results began to show.
There was an improvement among the
people. They were beginning to grasp
American ideas. Three or four years
ago Miss Amanda Johnson, recently
graduated from a Western university
and a young woman of culture and re-
finement, but thoroughly democratic,
joined her. Miss Johnson saw the need
for better sanitary condition. The
streets reeked with garbage because
the collectors were derelict, and the
whole ward was a disgrace. She deter-
mined to become a ward inspector if
she could procure an appointment. A
civil service examination was easily
passed, and as her percentage was the
highest of all she had the appointment,
though politicians demurred. Miss
Johnson went about her work in a
calm, business-like way. There was no
talk about reform, but the streets were
cleaned and the garbage gatherers did
their work perfectly. The people of the
ward soon grew to like the aggressive
young woman as well as they did Miss
Addams, and to-day the women are
the most powerful factors in the ward.
So strong have they become that the
alderman, the notorious Johnny Pow-



MISS AMANDA JOHNSON.

ers, is fearful of them. He is endeavor-
ing to crush their influence and is try-
ing to oust Miss Johnson as an inspec-
tor. He fears that with improved con-
ditions there may be a demand for an
improved style of alderman, and that
would mean his political doom.

The Hotbed.

Glass gives more warmth to hotbeds
than any other covering, but where
plants are desired to be grown that are
somewhat hardy, such as lettuce or
early cabbage, a light frame covering
made of oiled muslin answers well and
is cheap. It can be prepared by
stretching the muslin and painting it
on both sides with boiled linseed oil. It
is claimed that cheap frames, covered
in this manner, can be successfully
used for forcing strawberry plants. If
a warm hotbed is required, fresh horse
manure should be placed at the bottom
of the frame and covered with rich soil
that has been sifted.

Even Worse than Death.

Jack Potts—What will you charge to
make a good stout poker trunk?
Trunkmaker—What do you mean by
"poker" trunk?
Jack Potts—One that holds four
trays.

A woman looks out of place when
she takes the arm of a man who is in
his shirt sleeves.

REV. S. R. LYONS.

Recently Elected to the Presidency of
Monmouth, Ill., College.

Rev. S. R. Lyons, who has recently
been elected to the presidency of Mon-
mouth (Ill.) College, has been a minister
in the service of the United Presby-
terian Church for the past eighteen
years, thirteen of which have been
spent as the pastor of one of the lead-
ing churches of Bloomington, Ind. He
has no little familiarity with institu-
tions of education. During the past five
years he has been a member of the
Board of Trustees of the University of
Indiana, and much of that time he has
served as secretary of the faculty. He
is an eloquent orator, a vigorous writer
and a man of wide culture and modern
learning.

Dr. Lyons is a native of Willsboro,
S. C., and is 48 years old. When he was
a lad of 6 his parents, owing to their
dislike of slavery, removed from the



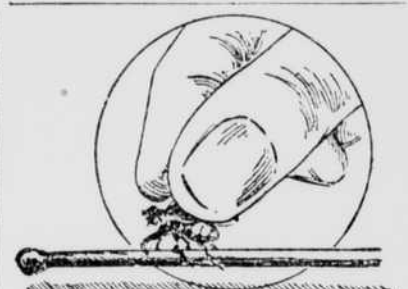
REV. S. R. LYONS.

South and settled at Marlissa, Ill. There
Dr. Lyons worked on a farm and at-
tended the district schools between
times. When he reached his majority
he determined to engage himself in the
ministry, and after his graduation from
Monmouth he entered the Xenia (Ohio)
Seminary. His first charge was at his
old home, where he remained until
1885, when he went to Bloomington.
Monmouth's new president is a genial,
charming man, a capital story-teller,
a warm friend and the head of an inter-
esting family.

THE FLY AND THE MATCH.

A Striking Illustration of the Strength
of Insects.

The strength of various insects is
tremendous in proportion to their size.
A man who had time recently experi-
mented with a common house fly, and
found it could lift a square of paper so
large that the feat was equal to a man
five feet high lifting a stout and stiff
carpet covering a room twenty-five feet
square. He also lifted a safety match



LIFTED A SAFETY MATCH.

seven times longer than himself. This
would represent to the average man a
timber thirty-five feet long and as thick
as his own body, carried under one
arm. The fly was able to circulate
around the room with a piece of cotton
thread tied to one leg, equaling a cable
sixty feet long and thicker than a
man's thigh, if a man attempted to
carry the same weight in proportion to
his size.

The Emperor's Playing Cards.

The Emperor William's faithful sub-
jects are interested just now in an ac-
count of his playing cards. It appears
that the royal table does not admit the
usual French designs. His Majesty's
packs are printed in an Altenberg man-
ufacture, and exhibit old German pat-
terns. The backs are devoted to a
symbolical exposition of the triple al-
liance. The Prussian eagle, the double
eagle of Austria and the silver cross of
the house of Savoy appear on a red
field, surrounded with ivy and sur-
mounted by the Imperial crown. Simi-
lar designs are introduced at the cor-
ners, and the "four colors" are strewn
over the card. The picture cards are
executed in corresponding style. The
king of diamonds is said to have a fam-
ily likeness with the great Kurfurst.
The queen of hearts appears as a sim-
ple gretchen and the knave of diamonds
as a knight of St. John. History does
not relate whether the Emperor is a
whist player or confines himself to the
national game of skat.—London Post.

She Had Been There.

Maude—Tom and I were out sleigh-
riding last night and he got angry at
something I said and we had a falling
out.

Clare—Well, it served you right. If
you would make him drive with both
hands or do the driving yourself there
would be no excuse for falling out of a
sleigh.

A fat man doesn't care to be told
that he is smart, or good-looking; he
wants to be told that he is growing
thinner.

PHENOMENA OF SLEEP.

Experiments Prove that the Nerves Are Awake.

Considerable attention has been paid of late years to the nature of the processes which occur in sleep, and some definite results have been obtained by modern experimental science. It has long been known that respiration and the action of the heart are both modified in sleep. Breathing is slower and shallower, and the amount of carbonic acid eliminated is less than in the waking state. The pulse is also slower.

But Morso and other observers have recently shown that more profound changes take place. The character as well as the depth of respiration is altered, and the circulation undergoes an important modification, which changes the distribution of blood in the body. The limbs are found to increase in volume, owing to the relaxation of the blood vessels in the skin, which permits a larger flow of blood over the surface of the body. This quite accords with the common experience of a lessened power to resist cold during sleep. The blood is more distributed in the skin, and, therefore, more exposed to chills. At the same time this relaxation of the cutaneous vessels causes a general fall of arterial pressure by diminishing the resistance. The result is a lessened blood flow through the brain, which shrinks in volume.

This has been corroborated by the direct observation and measurement of brains exposed by injuries to the head. It is found that they always contract and grow pale as sleep goes on, regaining their color and size at the moment of awakening. Additional proof is afforded by Morso's ingenious balance, which permits a subject to go to sleep while lying horizontally in a perfect state of equilibrium. In sleep the head tips up and feet go down, indicating the distribution of blood in that direction. Awakening is accompanied by the reverse.

The same experiments have also proved that the nerves of sense are awake during sleep. They transmit impulses to the brain and recall it to activity. Thus a sound or a light will cause the pale, anæmic brain of the sleeper to flush, and tips down the head end of the balance, and it does this before the sleeper awakens, even without awakening him if the stimulus be only slight. These observations show very prettily how the senses keep watch for the sleeping brain and how awakening is effected. They also show that sleep does not affect the whole body.

PROLIFIC LIFE IN ALASKA.

Full of Fur-bearing Animals and Feathered Long-tails.

John Muir, who has summered and wintered in the Alaskan lands, toward which all men's eyes and many men's feet are now turning, says in the Atlantic: Nowhere on my travels so far have I seen such warm-blooded, rejoicing life as in this grand Arctic reservation, by so many regarded as desolate. Not only are there whale in abundance along the shores, and innumerable seals, walrus and white bears, but great herds of fat reindeer on the tundras, and wild sheep, foxes, hares, lemmings, whistling marmots and birds. Perhaps more birds are born here than in any other region of equal extent on the continent. Not only do strong-winged hawks, eagles and water fowl, to whom the length of the continent is only a pleasant excursion, come up here every summer in great numbers, but also many short-winged warblers, thrushes and finches, to rear their young in safety, re-enforce the plant bloom with their plumage and sweeten the wilderness with song, flying all the way, some of them, from Florida, Mexico and Central America. In this going so far north they are only going home, for they were born here, and only go south to spend the winter months, as New-Englanders go to Florida. Sweet-voiced troubadours, they sing in orange groves and vine-clad magnolia woods in winter, in thickets of dwarf birch and alder in summer, and sing and chatter more or less all the way back and forth, keeping the whole country glad. Oftentimes in New England, just as the last snow patches are melting and the sap in the maple begins to flow, the blessed wanderers may be heard about orchards and the edges of fields, where they have stopped to glean a scanty meal, not tarrying long, knowing they have far to go. Tracing the footsteps of spring, they arrive in the tundra homes in June or July, and set out on their return journeys in September, or as soon as their families are able to fly well.

Hoodooed by a Black Hen.

"There goes my Jonah," said Capt. Cardwell, the L. & N. conductor, one day as the O. & N. passenger train was entering the yards at Central City. When asked what he referred to, the popular old railroader said: "I mean that old black hen you saw fly across the track in front of the engine back in the edge of town. She is a bird of ill omen if ever there was one, and every time she flies across this track in front of my train I have had luck before I finish my trip. "I first noticed the hen about three years ago on the trip over from Russellville to Owensboro, and we struck in a snowdrift before we got back, and

were held out nearly all night. The next time the evil portent worked its bad effect on me was when the large tunnel at Twin Tunnels caved in, compelling us to transfer passengers and baggage, and stay out all night. Again she appeared, and I fell from the train later on, spraining my ankle. So it was on every occasion when 'old blackey,' as I used to call her, appeared upon the scene. She belongs to an old negro woman, and after trying in vain to kill her I tried to buy her, but the hen's owner said, 'Naw, suh; dut's a pet an' she wudn't bahm nobuddy.' But I always felt a strange fear seize me when my train approached Central, after I found what a bad luck bringer 'old blackey' was."—Louisville Evening Post.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

An average star of the first magnitude is one hundred times as bright as one of the sixth magnitude.

There are several varieties of fish that cannot swim. In every instance they are deep-sea dwellers, and crawl about the rocks, using their tails and fins as legs.

The faintest stars visible to the naked eye are of the sixth magnitude; the faintest telescopic stars are reckoned of the sixteenth or seventeenth magnitude.

A case of pulmonary tuberculosis in a goat upsets the belief in the immunity of this animal, and shows that the milk of goats should be used with the same care against infection as that of cows.

Remains of the skulls of two wild horses have recently been discovered in Ireland. They indicate that the animals were very much smaller than the horses of today. The remains were found in the gravel underlying a bog.

The Western Union Telegraph Company has recently worked direct, as it is called, from New York to Mexico City, a distance of 3,400 miles. This means that a message was sent this great distance without repetition.

The oscillations of a needle, suspended from the apex of the dome of the national capitol, made by the contraction due to heat on the iron structure, made a regular series of trains on paper, varying with the temperature in breadth.

The European hornet is shown by Dr. L. O. Howard to have existed near New York City for at least fifty years, yet it has spread 150 miles. In Europe the species usually inhabits outhouses, but in America the nests are almost invariably built in hollow trees.

The wings of birds are not only to aid locomotion in the air, but also on the ground and water. One bird even has claws in the "elbows" of its wings to aid it in climbing. The clothing is a modification of the skin, just as hair and nails are, and sometimes it closely resembles hair.

J. Carter Beard shows how, by drawing an imaginary line from the heel through the ear, the characteristic attitudes of various mammals may be illustrated. Man alone habitually stands erect, with his head toward the zenith. The exact antithesis of man in this respect is the bat, which, when at rest, habitually remains suspended in a vertical direction, with the head toward the center of the earth. Between these two extremes all the other mammals are ranged, apes and monkeys approaching nearest to man, moles being horizontal, and sloths approaching the reversed position of the bat.

Off the coast of Norway last year was captured a specimen of the shark tribe which, in the form of its teeth, and in other characteristic features, closely resembles a species of shark that inhabited the ocean in that immeasurably remote period called in geology the Devonian age. A similar shark was captured by the Prince of Monaco's yacht off the Madeira Islands in 1889. These two specimens, with a few others found in the Japanese seas—which are remarkable for the number of survivors of ancient forms of life that they contain—constitute the only known representatives now on the earth of the Devonian sharks.

Discovering the Unseen.

The most remarkable bit of calculation ever done by human being is that attributed to the famous British astronomer, Prof. Adams. The scientist had observed certain peculiar perturbations of the planet Uranus. He could explain the phenomenon only by the presence of another great planet, unknown to science, somewhere in the heavens. Then began the "figuring" referred to. When the calculation had been completed Dr. Galle, of Berlin, pointed his big telescope at the place in the heavens indicated, and there was the gigantic planet—Neptune—sixty times as large as the earth and 2,500,000,000 miles away from it. Scientific achievement like this seems to border on the supernatural.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The free lunch attracts more men than the church festival.

ODD DUCKS OF PORT TAMPA.

Of the Wild Variety, They Respond Readily to Man's Call.

The most interesting thing at Port Tampa is the duck. Port Tampa is a collection of piers, but there is a hotel built on piles that are dressed in sewer-pipe trousers to keep the terebo away. No shooting is allowed around the grounds or the piers, and, of course, not a little stuff is thrown from the hotel that is good food for ducks, pelicans and gulls. Accordingly these birds come about the hotel in flocks, and not only are they without fear of the people there, but they have learned to come for food when any one whistles for them as if for a dog.

"At first it seems as if the birds come as readily to the call of one person as of another, but the fact is that two or three people about the hotel are on speaking terms with them. The birds know their voices, and are plainly very friendly with them. At an old board-laying stage the pelicans gather a dozen at a time, and sitting there in the sun, preen their feathers and scratch their ribs with their long, ungainly looking bills. The fact that a lot of people are standing six feet away is in no way disturbing to them unless some unmanly fellow pokes them with a cane. In that event the bird gives the intruder a white-eyed look of astonishment and utters a protest in a voice that is so gentle and delicate as to make one wonder where in the world such an ungainly bird got it. Then it flops its way to safety beyond the piers. If undisturbed the pelicans often pillow their heads on their backs and take a nap, but in that position they are quickly observed by the tourist who thinks it is fun to make trouble for quiet folks, and they are quickly snared by a cane-crook and sent clapping to the water.

"Only the smaller ducks come about the hotel, but they are exceedingly beautiful and graceful in their movements, while the gulls in their dancing flight are of endless interest. No one has tried to teach the birds to come to hand for food. It is said, but it is plain that any one with knowledge and tact and love might establish an acquaintance there that would enable him to write a most interesting story about our feathered brothers of all."

"Who Struck Billy Patterson?"

About forty years ago William Patterson entered a medical college in this country. At that time hazing in colleges was accepted as inevitable, and often went beyond the borders of good sense or humanity.

At this institution the favorite method was to capture a new student, blind him hand and foot and carry him before a mock court, where he was tried on some charge.

The time came when William Patterson was obliged to submit to the ordeal. He was accordingly blindfolded and led to the block and his neck placed in proper position.

The executioner swung his ax and buried it deeply in the wood, of course taking care that it did not go near Patterson's head.

But at the same moment the ax met the block another student struck across the victim's neck with a cord which had been wet with ice water.

The students laughed and shouted as the joke ended, but Patterson did not move. He was dead.

The doctors said that he had died from shock, but the affair caused an immense amount of excitement. All the students concerned were arrested and the question was everywhere asked, "Who struck Billy Patterson?"

Mankak.

In the island of Barbadoes large quantities of a mineral have been found which the natives call "mankak." It is of a bright black color and occurs at a very slight depth, sometimes on the surface, in beds one to two feet thick. It generally appears under an angle of about 40 degrees, and in the immediate vicinity of rock. It is presumed to be solidified petroleum, which is often seen there exuding from the earth or floating on the water. In its composition this mineral is similar to the pitch of Trinidad, to the Gilsontite of Utah and the Canadian Albertite, but it is of a much better quality. The best varieties of "mankak" contained 2 per cent. of water, 70.85 per cent. of volatile organic substances, 26.57 per cent. of ditto solid ones and .18 per cent. of mineral parts. Trinidad pitch contains from 21 to 30 per cent. of water, and about 38 per cent. of ashes. Hence the mankak mineral is much richer in natural bitumen. It is used, among other purposes, for the insulation of electrical conduits, for varnish, bituminous concrete and for fuel, mixed with peat, etc. It may to some extent supplant gutta percha as an insulating medium.—Savannah News.

Ministers Will Be Scarce.

During the academic year 1896-'97 the twenty-one German universities granted 2,371 doctors' degree, 1,187 of them in medicine, 829 in philosophy, 835 in law and 20 in theology. Erlangen seems to be the favorite place for the final examinations, 332 degrees having been taken there.

The majority of love's bonds are formed from a chain of circumstances.

A man resembles a ball of twine when he is wrapped up in himself.

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This entire offer is an honest one from start to finish. No deception means exactly what it says, and is made by a responsible and wealthy Medical Company, who believe in doing as they would like to be done by, and who can refer to the leading and largest banks at home and all newspapers in which this advertisement appears.

You cannot get something for nothing. Avoid all so-called free cures. No one can pay for advertising medicines and live and cure you free. Every offer of this kind is a trap. When disinterested try our PARIS VITAL SPARKS. Our offer gives you Three Dollars' good value, if in need of treatment, for only 48 cents. We make no money when we send a full month's treatment, 100 doses, a three-dollar package, for only 48 cents stamps, but our Paris Vital Sparks are so reliable, so effective, that we always make many other customers at full prices through your certain cure.

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Legislation For Alaska.

We are not having the benefit of an exchange of newspapers and are therefore not so near in touch with what action Congress is taking with reference to legislation for Alaska, as some of our brethren, but, Gov. Brady has been in Washington City for a considerable length of time in the interests of the district, and we have every confidence in his ability to present our interests to the law makers in such a manner as to bring forth good fruit. We understand that Congress has passed a criminal code, a civil and criminal practice act, and if passed as recommended by the committee, they will be found to meet all the demands for the present. We are further informed that there has been an increase of judges which is certainly much to be desired for the expense of going to Sitka to try causes has been so great that it has practically amounted to a denial of justice. Fort Wrangel will no doubt have a district court in the future, which is much desired and will be a great saving to our people. While Alaska has apparently been neglected by Congress, we must not forget that these matters, under favorable circumstances, move slowly, but in time the national legislature will be found to have done about the right thing. Gov. Brady is an old settler, a man of brain and ability and in touch with the needs of the people and he can be relied on to do all in his power in favor of the people of whom he is the chief executive.

The War.

The reports of the war thus far have been a succession of American victories and our people are becoming impatient over its lengthy duration, apparently demanding that peace negotiations should be entered into at the earliest opportunity. The demand that war should be declared against Spain was almost universal and the objects and aims that prompted the taking up of arms should not be so soon forgotten. It was the boast of the Americans that the cause that occasioned this declaration of war was one unlike that which has ever before determined a people to take up arms—that it was a conflict to relieve a suffering, oppressed, downtrodden and misgoverned people. If this be true, there should be no cessation of hostilities until we shall have been successful in accomplishing the object in view and shall have relieved the people in whose behalf we so generously took up arms.

We notice the opinion freely expressed that the Philippine islands should be held for an indemnity from Spain. Also that Porto Rico should be taken and held for the same purpose. A meaner and more inhuman act on the part of a government could not be proposed. If we are possessed of human feelings and have entered into a conflict to relieve humanity, what position will it leave us in to accept the aid of the Philippine insurgents to conquer and hold the islands and then for a few dollars indemnity to return them into the hands of the murderous Spaniard to be thrown into prison and there to be finally starved and assassinated by the people that have misgoverned them for centuries. If this is a war to relieve the oppressed, every colony that we can capture should be taken, and Spanish rule made a thing of the past in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines. Anything less will be a blot on our civilization and stamp our pretended object for declaring war a subterfuge, a sham and a fraud. The war is on and should continue to a finish. It may cost a few dollars more, but we knew that a fight meant blood and money and we hope the administration will never let up until the people of the whole earth shall know that the United States entered upon this conflict for humanity's sake and that Spanish colonial misrule must and will cease forever.

Random Shots.

In one respect this is the most righteous war that Spain ever waged. She is fighting for honor, something which history will prove she never possessed. The American guns may knock a little of that ingredient into her make-up. It is a doubtful proposition, however.

If the European powers had talked to Turkey at the time of the Armenian massacres as Uncle Sam did to Spain, what a number of lives would have been spared.

Bro. Haugh's two signs are like Spanish accounts of a battle—they never read alike.

Cauterized.

The editor of the Alaskan, whose name, however, does not appear in its columns, pays the band of Sitka the following compliment:

Personally, we are rather thankful that the Volunteer band did not put in an appearance last Monday and probably, all those who have any ear for music, feel likewise, but considering that our citizens subscribed for the instruments through which the band so ruthlessly blows, they might at least have formed on the Parade ground and given us a bar or two of "America," as far as they are capable of murdering that noble air.

Canyon City Destroyed by Fire.

The Tees came in from the north last Saturday evening. A News man was at the dock and you can bet it wasn't long until he had the news pump attached to Capt. Goss.

"What is the news from the north?" "The most important," said the captain, "is the wiping out of Canyon City by fire last Friday afternoon. The entire town was destroyed."

Canyon City was a town on the Dyea trail. Several hundred people lived there. The town contained a number of houses.

Captain Cross.

We have been looking in vain for the return of the Ning Chow. She is off on some more profitable run than the Alaska trade offers. Wm. Herbert Cross is captain of the Ning Chow. He has been on her for a long time. You would be surprised to see him if you have not made his acquaintance. He is only 29 years old, looks like a thin, tall boy, blue eyes, light hair, and as bland and mild-mannered as a sweet and well-trained girl. Think of it, a boy captain in charge of a splendid steel boat 350 feet long, 42 foot beam and as well built as anything in the water. Capt. Cross is an Englishman and was born at Manchester. He was with the Ning Chow in the China-London tea trade. These boats are called tea-chasers over there. He brought the Ning Chow from Japan in water ballast. The Captain's promotion was rapid, for he first went onto the Ning Chow as fourth officer, and was then advanced to third, then second, then first, and from that to commander.

We made a trip down Sound with the captain from this city. It was the next to her last trip up, and we never will forget the talk we had with Commander Cross in the chart room of his boat. When a "land lubber" talks with a sea-faring man one of the first things he thinks of is the terrible storms that the mariner encounters, and of course we drifted onto that subject as soon as it could be gracefully done. The captain told us of those terrible storms and typhoons that are so frequently encountered off the Chinese and Japanese coasts. From what we could gather from his description, these typhoons are closely related to our land cyclones—perhaps the father of them. "What do you do to protect your boat and crew?" the captain was asked.

His answer was that science has furnished the means whereby the sailor can tell within a few degrees the direction of the typhoon, and when that is known the course of the boat is changed in an opposite direction, and if it is not entirely avoided, it is in part, anyhow. The captain then related how in the harbor of Nagasaki, in Japanese waters, a typhoon struck the harbor that was full of ships. The ships' anchors were dragging and the Ning Chow had to heave anchor and steamed out. The loss of boats was great.

While Capt. Cross is young in years he has had a long ocean experience. Before he went onto the boat he now commands, he was on a sailing vessel. In speaking of the sea storms, he mentioned one in which his ship scudded along at the rate of ten miles an hour and not a stitch of canvas up. When the storm came on the sails were shortened to the lower top sail and the wind took care of the balance. Ten knots an hour without steam or sail is getting on pretty well. This occurred off the Bermuda islands. The Captain further related his adventure with icebergs while off the Falkland islands. This was in February 1893. They found themselves surrounded in a large bay of ice. The main island of ice was surrounded by small bergs. They spent a whole night of anxiety tacking from one ice berg to another and they were three days in getting clear from the ice. These islands of ice or bergs were between three and four hundred feet high.

Of course this article contains but few of the many interesting things the Captain talked of. Capt. Cross is a free and easy talker and we were much entertained with his experiences narrated. We hope that he may again return to Alaskan waters.

Local Briefs.

John Frye is building a new boat.

Mr. Young, of that excellent firm of Wakefield & Young, was a caller last Friday.

The Stikkeen Chief left the McKinnon wharf Sunday afternoon with 80 tons of freight for Glenora.

J. H. Garnett was a caller at the News office Saturday. He starts out on a prospecting tour soon.

River steamer Caledonia went up the river Saturday with 30,000 feet of lumber and 40 tons of freight.

Mr. W. H. Fife, one of our most esteemed citizens, went to Juneau on the Utopia last Friday morning.

George Sinder and Joe Keller of this city started out on a prospecting tour last Saturday. They went southeast.

Spratt's Ark is anchored in the bay loaded with coal. If this hot weather continues, she will find a slow sale in town.

The Mist, the cutest little steamer in Fort Wrangel, took a spin out of the bay last Thursday and towed in a fine lot of piles.

Harry Day is getting along very nicely with that broken leg. He sits up in bed and "notches things" the same as anybody with the soundest of limbs.

Gust Sloph, an employe of the saw mill, who fractured one of his legs about three weeks ago is out on a pair of crutches and is getting along nicely.

Private Ballard, Co. E, 14th U. S. Infantry, arrived here from Sitka on the Cottage City, enroute to join his company at the Presidio, San Francisco.

An artist has been at work on the old barracks and jail in this city on Government Square. A hoe, whitewash and brush were the instruments used and the change in the appearance is immense.

An exchange says: The Wrangel News comes to our table this week. The News is a bright, newsy paper, and would be a credit to a much larger town than Wrangel, and shows Mr. Henshaw to be a writer of no mean ability.

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